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FLORENCE - BROCKVILLE

# The Athens Reporter

—AND—

COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

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Who Wants It?

Vol. XVI. No. 19.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, April 4, 1900.

B. Loverin, Prop'r

"Brockville's Biggest Store."

## SPRING OFFERINGS

Grand Millinery Display Still Continues.

### HOSIERY.

Plain Cashmere Hose with double heels and toes, seamless and all wool; worth 35c; sizes, 8 1/2, 9, and 9 1/2; special, 25c.

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New Stock Collars covered with silk and net, all colors, coming new. Not covered 25c; silk covered 40c.

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3 boxes containing 9 cakes (wrapped) of choice Toilet Soap, Special for 25c.

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We sell C. P.—the Celebrated Genuine French Corsets, designed to fit the figure and give all the ease one can desire. Black, Eru, White, Pink or Blue—\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

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A perfect fitting long waist Gen Corset, steel filled, saten bone straps, in Grey, all sizes, worth \$1.00, special 75c.

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The demand for White Goods is increasing every day, and if you have not yet been here to make your selections, see to it this week.

Ladies' White Cambric Night Dresses.  
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Ladies' White Skirts.

In justice to yourself, you ought to see our goods.

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(New goods at extraordinary Prices.)

56 inch Damask Table Linen, good heavy quality, all pure linen, only..... 25c  
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We carry a large lot of Linens, all imported direct, and this enables us to sell them at very close prices. Come and look through our stock

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### THE BOERS ARRAIGNED.

The following description and very serious indictment of the Boers and their methods was sent to the London (Eng.) Daily Mail by its war correspondent, Mr. Julian Ralph, an American, and is probably a fair, impartial report, as viewed by an unprejudiced writer:

"The war has been steadily and stealthily planned by the Queen's Dutch subjects and the Dutch republics for fully twenty years. For between four and six years they have been equipped for it. They began purchasing arms and planning defenses before the Jamieson raid. Let no one fool you with the falsehood about that. Finally Kruger begged Steyn to declare war three weeks before President Steyn consented. Next rid your mind of the notion that you are crushing two farmers' republics. There is not a farmer in the two countries, and only one—the Free State—was a republic in any way except by misnaming. These people are herders of cattle, sheep and goats, like the Israelites of old and the Afriids, Turks and Balkan peoples of today. The Boers' so called farms are as nature made them, merely reaches of veldt whereon their cattle graze. On each one he has put up a home, but its surroundings are almost invariably more repellent and disorderly than any houses I ever saw except the cabins of freed slaves in the United States. Their camps and strongholds, from what we have routed them, are the filthiest places I have known men of any sort to live in and I have seen red Indians, Chinese and Turkish camps and the camps of many sorts of black men. As to their bravery and honor I have seen and heard sufficient to fill a page of the Daily Mail with acts of their cowardly and dastardly behavior before I came to Kimberly. But here I find they have been guilty of different and original enormities. Here they have killed our wounded and laid their bodies in a row after one of the forays out of town. Here they armed many blacks to fight against us showing all the world how scandalously fraudulent were their exclamations of horror at the idea of our employing native Indian troops. There has hardly been a battle in which the Boers have not abused either the white flag or the Geneva cross or both. At Spion Kop our people saw them loading Maxim in ambulances in order to get them carefully away. This we saw them do at the Modder River also, and Kimberly is where the Boers shelled the funeral cortege of George Labram, an American. At many places they fired on our ambulances. I saw them do it at the Modder River and saw them fire on our stretcher bearers in that battle time and time again. When we entered Jacobabad it looked like a city of doctors. Every man in the streets wore the red cross bandage on his arm. These were the men who had just been shooting us from behind garden walls. There was nothing novel or original about their seeking their cowardly shelter of the doctor badge. We have become quite accustomed to it. We once entered a Boer laager after a victory and found 27 of these bogus doctors and seven or eight wounded for their patients. They have not been content with looting the houses of the loyalists in the British colonies, but in Natal in scores of instances they have smashed into kindlings and tore into ribbons whatever they did not want or could not carry off. Worse yet, they have fouled the walls of the houses of defenseless women with obscene writings. They never knew the value of an oath or promise and have not learned it since the war began."

in jail for not having means of support, and on a rock pile if they have no job; where we have Congress and 400 men to make laws and a Supreme Court of nine men to set them aside; where good whiskey makes bad men and bad men make good whiskey; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and made rich for telling a lie; where professors draw their convictions and salaries from the same source; where preachers are paid from \$1,000 to 25,000 a year to dodge Satan and tickle the ears of the wealthy.

Where business consists in getting property in any way that will not land you in the penitentiary; where trusts hold you up and poverty holds you down; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they will get what they want by voting for it; where women wear false hair and men dock their horses tails; where men vote for a thing one day and swear about it the other 364 days in the year; where we have prayers on the floor of the national Capitol and whi-key in the basement; where we spend \$5,000 to bury a congressman and \$10 to put a man away when he is poor, where the government pays the army officer's wife \$5,000 and the poor private who faced the shell \$144, with insinuations that he is a government pauper and a burden because he lives.

Where to be virtuous is to be lone some and to be honest is to be a crank; where we sit on the safety valve of conscience and pull wide open the throttle of energy; where gold is worshipped and God is used as a wastebasket for our better thoughts and good resolutions; where we pay \$15 for a dog and 15 cents a dozen to a poor woman for making our shirts; where we teach the untutored Indian the way to eternal life and kill him with bad booze; where we put a man in prison for stealing a loaf of bread and in Congress for stealing a bank or a railroad; where checkbooks and sins walk in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our social fabric and Satan laughs at every corner. Come to us, Agni! We have the greatest aggregation of good things, soft things and hard things of all sizes, varieties and colors ever exhibited under one big tent. Send your delegation and we will prove all these assertions for truths.

### A Splendid Idea.

It was an American subject, Robert Choate of Boston, Mass., who first, through the Montreal Star, suggested the popular patriotic fund taken up by the children of Canada and United States, and now receiving such favour all over the world. The idea was to get something started with which young Canada could be identified, the presentation of which would bring the boys and girls of Canada into direct touch with the Queen, who will treasure the photographs of the boys and girls. It was proposed to engrave on parchment the name of every giver to this fund of ten cents and upwards. The name of every boy or girl who collects ten subscriptions is to appear in the testimonial as a leader in the movement, and the photograph, beautifully mounted, of every boy and every girl who collects five dollars or upwards is to accompany the gift and the testimonial. The latter of which will be in form suitable for placing amongst the tributes from her loyal subjects, placed in the room in Windsor Castle, where the public can obtain a view of them. The presentation of this great testimonial from the children of Canada, through Lord Minto, accompanied by the photos of the children, who are raising it, will be a touching incident in her life, and it is an opportunity that will probably come only once in a life time to the children of Canada. Boys and girls wanting special blank subscription lists and particulars of the movement can obtain them by mailing a postal card to the Montreal Star. Photographers all over Canada are offering to photograph free to place in the Queen's testimonial the boys and girls of Canada who identify themselves successfully with the movement. Subscriptions by the thousands are pouring into the Star office.

### AN APPEAL TO AGUINALDO.

Agni, you don't know what a good thing you are missing by not wanting to become a citizen of this grand country of ours, says the Pocahontas, (Kan.) Sun. There is nothing else like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over here to us—this land of the free, this land of churches and 470,000 licensed saloons, Bibles, forts, guns and houses of prayer, the millionaires and paupers, the theologians and thieves. Christians and chain gangs, politicians and poverty schools and prisons, scallawags, trusts, and tramps, virtue and vice.

A land where we make bologna of dogs and canned beef of sick cows and mules and horses, and corpses of people who eat it; where we put men

## The Star Wardrobe

Is the place for a Nobby Suit, Overcoat or Trousers. Also Fancy Vestings.

### Gents' Furnishings

ALWAYS ON HAND.

We give Trading Stamps.

M. J. KEHOE,

Telephone 161—BROCKVILLE.

**FREE** **DAISY AIR RIFLE**

We give this splendid rifle for collecting two dozen trading stamps. The rifle is of the best make and latest model, well finished and ready for use. It is just the thing for target practice or for shooting cats, rats, sparrows, etc. Before this advertisement with your address and we will send you one. Our trading stamps are all ready to use. Send for yours now.

## THE LATEST WAR NEWS

London, March 31.—The war office has issued the following from Lord Roberts to the secretary of war:

"Bloemfontein, March 30, (2 25 p.m.)—Owing to the activity of the enemy on our immediate front, and their hostile attitude toward the Burghers who surrendered under the terms of my proclamation, I found it necessary to drive them from some kopjes they had occupied near the Karbee siding station, a few miles south of Brandfort.

"The operation was successfully carried out by the 7th (Gen. Tucker's) division, assisted by the 1st and 3rd cavalry brigades, under Gen. French, and LeGallais' regiment of mounted infantry.

"The enemy retreated to Brandfort and our troops now hold the kopjes.

Bushman Kop, March 31.—The British force, commanded by Col. Broadwood, consisting of the 10th Hussars, Household Cavalry, two horse batteries and a force of mounted infantry under Col. Pilcher, which had been garrisoning Thaba N'Chu, was obliged, in consequence of the near approach of a large force of Boers, to leave last night. Col. Broadwood marched to the Bloemfontein waterworks, south of the Modder, where he encamped at 4 this morning.

At early dawn the camp was shelled by the enemy from a near point. Col. Broadwood sent off a convoy with the batteries, while the rest of the force remained to act as a rear guard.

The convoy arrived at a deep spruit, where the Boers were concealed, and the entire body walked into an ambush and was captured, together with six guns. The loss of life was not great, since most of the British had walked into the trap before a shot was fired.

Gen. Colville's division, which left Bloemfontein early this morning, arrived here at noon, and he is now shelling the Boers.

Gen. Colville's division includes the Royal Canadian Regiment.

The loss of the guns was attended by incidents of splendid heroism. The battery was so near the Boer ambush in the river bed that the latter said: 'It is useless your attempting to advance. Throw down your arms.' The Sergeant of the battery, fearing the hindrance, rushed through the convoy and warned his comrades, enabling the rearmost battery to save a portion of the guns, which came into action later. Life Guardsmen and a gunner got a gun out under a tremendous fire, and four others were saved by the men dragging them off after their horses had been shot."

A Boer dispatch of April 1st says: Cannonading was again heard in the direction of Brantfort Saturday, and it is reported that very heavy fighting occurred Saturday around Mafeking. It is added that Col. Plumer's relief column was compelled to retire with loss. No details have been received.

The assignment of the firm of A. G. McCrady Sons, made to Sheriff Dana a few days ago, was a great surprise, as it was regarded as perfectly solvent. The business, by father and sons, has been carried on for about forty years.

### A CLEVER ESCAPE.

London, April 2.—A despatch from Lorenzo Marquez, dated to-day, announces the arrival there of Captain Haldane of the Gordon Highlanders and Lieut. LeMesurier of the Dublin Fusiliers, who escaped from Pretoria, after perilous adventures. It appears that after Winston Churchill's escape the sentries were doubled, electric light was installed, additional barricades were constructed and the officers were confined in the model school after 8.30 p.m. Capt. Haldane says that after several unsuccessful attempts they succeeded in cutting off the electric light but even then the street lights precluded an attempt to escape, and they decided to hide in the space beneath the building, to which a trap door had previously been secretly constructed.

It has been announced that the officers would be removed elsewhere in a few days, when the two men hoped to be able to escape. But the removal of the prisoners was postponed, and the two men in the damp, subterranean dwelling began to despair, and commenced digging in different directions, in the hope of finding a suitable exit. The work was most arduous, as they had only a screw-driver and a skewer with which to dig the ground, which was very hard. The imprisoned officers on March 15th heard somebody above say the officers would be removed the following day.

After passing twenty days underground in a cramped position and subsisting on a little food and water supplied by some of their fellow-prisoners who were in their confidence, their delight at the good news was indescribable. The following morning they heard the officers above leaving, and all day long the room was filled with curious visitors looking at the clever caricatures on the walls drawn by the prisoners. When evening came the noise ceased, and Haldane and LeMesurier crept to the trap door. They were so weak that they could hardly walk. Gradually recovering, they made their way to the courtyard, got over the railings and reached the street.

The following unusual and very proper and business-like advertisement appeared in a Toronto paper last week: "One who owns 160 acres of land in Manitoba wants a wife; must be over twenty-five years of age; good looking; good house-keeper; medium in size; Scotch or Scotch descent; Presbyterian in religion; good ear for music; good references must be given." Presbyterian spinsters, here is your opportunity.

### Card of Thanks.

FRANKVILLE, Mar. 24th, '00.  
To the Recorder and Members of the A. O. U. W. Lodge, Toledo.  
GENTLEMEN,—We hereby acknowledge receipt of cheques of \$2,000, being the amount of insurance held by our late husband and father in your society, and we wish to extend to you our most sincere thanks for the efforts put forth to secure the same for us.  
Our earnest prayer is that success and prosperity may attend your lodge in the future as it has in the past.  
MRS. EDGERS,  
WIFE OF A. EDGERS.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

BOERS ADVANCING ON LORD ROBERTS.

Will They Make an Attack on the British?

ENEMY IN FORCE AT LADYBRAND.

Olivier Telegraphs That He and His Troops Are Safe.

His Whole Command of 6,000 Eludes the British—Russian Scouts With Boers—100 of Them Reconnoitre Between British Patrols and Capture a Wagon and Ten Mules—Trooper Ramsay, of the Mounted Canadians, Dead—Funeral of Joubert—The Cape Ministers Li-cussed in the House of Commons—French's Great March to the Relief of Kimberley—British Troops Still Pouring into South Africa—How One Canadian Was Wounded.

London, March 30.—There is no indication of the probable duration of the delay in the British advance against the Boers. A telegram from Springfontein announces that the main railway from the coast to Bloemfontein was reopened to traffic on Wednesday, a track having been laid across the Bethulle wagon bridge. The low-level bridge near Norval's pont was completed on Tuesday, enabling cars to cross the Orange River. Direct rail communication being thus opened with Cape Town it is assumed in some quarters that the necessary supplies will be accumulated at Bloemfontein, and that an early advance may be expected.

The correspondents with General Roberts meanwhile report a southward movement by the Boers, though their statements are not very definite. The Morning Post's correspondent says it appears probable that the Boers are advancing southward in force, after having been reinforced by the commandoes which trekked north by way of Komaggas and Ladybrand. They will probably fight at Brandfontein, thirty miles north of Bloemfontein.

The correspondent adds that the Boer leaders are disseminating wild reports regarding foreign assistance. Fifteen thousand Russians are said to be advancing on Bloemfontein, which place President Kruger boasts he will recapture in a week.

The source of the correspondent's information is not stated, and though some of the despatches appear to indicate that the force moving southward is commanded by Commandant Olivier, no mention is made of him and the only direct reference to him is contained in a curious telegram sent from Alwal North yesterday, which says Commandant Olivier has evidently moved southward and that he is being closely watched by Sir Godfrey Lagden, the Resident Commissioner at Basutoland, who is in communication with Gen. French.

Whether the word south in the foregoing ought to be north, or whether Commandant Olivier has a force strong enough to continue operations in the eastern part of the Free State, cannot be said, but it is perhaps significant that Gen. Brabant has returned to Alwal North, and is now engaged in holding the southern frontier of the Free State. He is sending detachments to strengthen the positions which have been occupied.

A despatch from Carnarvon describes everything as being quiet in the Voberg and Priska districts. The rebels there surrendered their arms to General Kitchener. The Transvaal Boers left before General Kitchener arrived. It is added that the rebellion has subsided.

It is stated from Kimberley that the troops have been recalled from the Barkly West district on imperative orders from General Roberts, and that the Boers have re-occupied Campbell.

A later telegram from Maseru, Basutoland, confirms the idea that the Boers are still in strong force at Ladybrand. They are retaining the positions in the Platberg mountains, which they occupied when they compelled Col. Picher to evacuate. Their pickets have been advancing in every direction. Some are watching the Basutoland side closely, probably believing that troops are coming from that direction.

A telegram from Pretoria, dated March 28, announces that Commandant Lubbe crossed the British lines at Jansfontein, and has arrived at Bullfontein. The despatch does not state where he arrived from.

There is no news from British sources concerning Mafeking, but Pretoria reports that the place was bombarded for seven hours Tuesday, the garrison replying. The Boers claim to have suffered no casualties. Mr. Michael Davitt, the well-known Irish Nationalist, who is acting as a newspaper correspondent, has gone to Kroonstad.

the Colonial and the Imperial Governments, but principally the Colonial Government, which was responsible to parties injured, and ought to cooperate with the Imperial Government to see that those who caused the damage paid for it.

Private Corley's Wound. Mount Forest, March 29.—A letter was received last night by Mr. John Corley from his son, Private James B. Corley, of B Company, Royal Canadian Regiment, who was wounded in the battle of Paardeberg on February 18th last. The letter was dated from Naauwpoort, Cape Colony, Feb. 26th: "We got into action," he says, "about 8 o'clock in the morning, and then Canada did her duty nobly. I got along all right till about 3 o'clock, and then I got a little too far up. A poor fellow in A Company was yelling for a stretcher-bearer. I forgot about the bullets, so called my companion, and off we went to him in the firing line. We had just reached him and opened the stretcher when a volley came whizzing, and turned me head over heels. I thought I had seen my finish, but I only got a Mauter in the wrist. It came out below the elbow, grazing the bone. I lay there from half-past 3 till dark. The letter was written with the left hand, and the writer concludes by telling about the trip from the battlefield to the hospital.

FRENCH'S GREAT MARCH. Graphic Description of the Famous Cavalry Ride. London, March 21.—Never have the mailed accounts from the scene of the war been so interesting. Within the last few days some 50 columns of these have appeared in the London papers, and for the first time Great Britain has learned the dramatic details that marked the ride of General French into Kimberley, the advance of Lord Roberts into the Orange Free State, the corralling of General Cronje,

Canadian Mounted Rifles Yesterday Trooper Ramsay, of the first troop, Winnipeg Company, died at the hospital here from inflammation. He was well known and liked, and his death is greatly regretted. We are still in doubt as to our ultimate destination, but hope to leave for the front shortly. The general health of the contingent is excellent, and the spirit of the men all that could be desired.

Private Wannamaker Missing. London, March 29.—Private Herbert Leslie Wannamaker, formerly of the 74th Battalion, Sussex, N. B., but who went to South Africa with the Royal Canadian Regiment, has been missing a War Office despatch from Bloemfontein, since March 7th.

Funeral of Joubert. Pretoria, March 28.—Gen. Joubert was taken ill Sunday morning. He was at his office the previous day. He suffered great pain, and became unconscious before his death. The complaint was acute inflammation of the bowels. The body will be in state to-morrow, and will then be taken by special train to the farm, Rustfontein, near Walkerstrom, where it will be buried quietly. Joubert often requested, without military honors.

Magistrate Captured. London, March 29.—Replying to a question put by Mr. Eugene Wason, Liberal member for Clackmannan and Kinross, who asked whether Her Majesty's Government possessed information as to the whereabouts of the British magistrate, Mr. Gastin, of South Africa, who was captured by insurgent Dutch colonists, and threatened with trial for murder, and on what grounds the trial was to be held. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, said the British High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, had reported that Mr. Gastin was sent to Bloemfontein March 19th. Mr. Chamberlain added that Sir Alfred Milner had been asked to inquire into the particulars of the case, and to make the necessary representations through the United States Consul at Pretoria, Mr. Adelbert Hay.

Attitude of Cape Ministers. London, March 29.—In the House of Lords to-day the Earl of Camperdown asked a series of questions bearing upon the various allegations concerning Premier Schreiner's attitude towards the war.

The Earl of Selborne, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, replied that a self-governing colony was bound to do everything possible to defend its territory against invasion. Generally speaking, the land defence lay with the colony, while the defence of the coasting station from attack by Boers will give serious battle in the fairly open country north of Gen. Stil, their evident strength indicates more than a corps of observation.

Olivier Wires He is Safe. Lorenzo Marquez, March 28.—The Standard and Diggers' News, of Johannesburg, prints the following: "Pretoria, March 28.—Field Cornet Maris received the following telegram yesterday: 'Whole command, 6,000 strong, has arrived at a place of safety. Address letters to Small-diel. All well.' The above refers to Commandant Olivier's commando.

A second telegram states that Captain Gascoigne and a corps of 100 Russian scouts reconnoitred between the British patrols, and the Sunday's river camp, capturing a wagon and ten mules."

Steyn in the Field. Pretoria, March 28, via Lorenzo Marquez, March 28.—President Steyn went down from Kroonstad to Winburg to welcome the southern commandoes on their way to join the main force at Kroonstad. Scouting in the direction of Brandfontein, between Kroonstad and Bloemfontein, continues.

General Cronje has written his opinion developed upon the matter. No part of Her Majesty's commandoes could claim to be at peace with a power with which Her Majesty was at war.

It was unjust to say the Cape Government had declined to call out its forces. It had called out the volunteers to the extent the Government considered wise. While the Cape Ministry had not on every point held views identical with those of the officials responsible for the conduct of the war, it was quite unjust to accuse the colonial Government of declining to call out troops. Clearly, it was much better that some of the burgher forces should not be called out, for it was a matter of common notoriety that part of these forces could not be relied upon.

Regarding the question of the liability for damages, the Under-Secretary said the Government aimed to endeavor to exact compensation from those who caused the damage. The question, he added, concerned both

horses. They had come ten miles, and broken the ring around the besieged town. The pace at which the advance had been made had been marvellous in the case, and prevented Cronje from appearing with 10,000 men to line the kopjes on the plain. The latter realized that he was defeated, and acted with his usual sagacity. By the evening of this same day not a man of all the thousands of the investing force beyond a few straggling bodies of men and stragglers remained when Cronje gave the order to retreat was left on the hills and the ridges that had been their camping ground so long.

"Meanwhile, the cavalry pushed on, and the pace began to tell. Horses after horses that had struggled on so far fell dead from some wound unnoticed in the heat of the fight.

"There was no time to pause, and at last, some three miles on, the first sight of Kimberley burst upon the column, through the fringe of trees. The long weary weeks of anxiety and hardship, the disappointment of Mafeking, and the heart-felt desire of deferred hope, were all forgotten. Kimberley was relieved, and the remainder of the march might as well have been a review.

"The Boers on the north of the town, at the intermediate station, and Kamperdown, were firing their last shots from their great guns in ignorance of the failure on the south, but those soon stopped, and Gen. French entered the town within a moment, and had brought out its flags and decorations. The panic that had been caused by the continuous bursting of huge shells over every part of the besieged town vanished, and from the 1,200-foot level of the diamond mines thousands of women and children emerged into the light of day."

Boers Advancing. London, March 29.—The Bloemfontein correspondent of the Morning Post, telegraphing Wednesday, says: "President Kruger boasts his in-

an expedition was on its way to the relief of Mafeking. He replied that the Government was precluded, on military grounds, from giving any indications of Lord Roberts' plans.

Joubert's Funeral. Pretoria, March 29.—The funeral of Gen. Joubert took place this afternoon, and was attended by all classes. The foreign military attaches in uniform were among those present, and the British officers who are prisoners here sent a wreath. There were everywhere signs of mourning.

London, March 29.—Supposition as to Lord Roberts' advance from Bloemfontein is the topic of the day, and is likely to continue so if the British commander-in-chief in South Africa shall conceal his movements as carefully as he has done in the past. April 2nd is set by various critics as the probable date of the departure of the main army from Bloemfontein. The movements of the cavalry force and part of the infantry toward Glen can scarcely be construed as an actual advance, though they undoubtedly point to the imminence of such a step. But only a small part of Gen. Gatacre's forces has yet arrived at Bloemfontein, and until that movement shall have been completed it is not likely Lord Roberts will start for Pretoria.

WILL MOVE WITH CARE. The latest news from Bloemfontein, contained in a despatch published in the second edition of the Times, dated Wednesday, March 28th, again dwells upon the necessity for not making a premature advance. This correspondent, who, on several occasions, has seemed to have been chosen as the mouthpiece of Lord Roberts, cables: "It should be clearly understood that the present halt in the vicinity of Bloemfontein is absolutely necessary as a military precaution. It should be borne in mind that we are about to enter on a new phase of the operations with the main communications through a

recently occupied hostile country, and that the recent success necessitated a great expenditure of horse power. Here and in Natal we shall move on the commencement of the South African winter, and must be prepared to face the effects of the first frost upon such animals as may be affected with horse sickness. It would be unsafe to push troops forward till they are equipped to meet the exposure of winter. Horses, clothing and food we must have."

BOERS GETTING RECRUITS. The correspondent adds that the Boer forces have been re-equipped, and he says he is fully convinced that 15,000 foreign troops have been landed to aid the republics. A detachment of Dutch church ministers to-day had an audience of Premier Schreiner at Cape Town. The ministers urged the separation of the sick and well Boer prisoners, and asked that the sick be sent to St. Helena.

Mr. Schreiner replied that he had no power in such matters, but would use his friendly offices. He added that the British made wrong representations to the Imperial Government against sending any of the prisoners to St. Helena, but without success. It is reported that the prison transports will sail for St. Helena at the end of this week.

Eulogize Joubert. Paris, March 29, 5 a. m.—The Paris press is unanimous in eulogizing General Joubert, whose death is considered a serious loss to the Federalists. All the papers agree in thinking that a change in the chief command is bound to have grave consequences for the Boer operations. Many think, however, that President Kruger is fully equal to the task, and that, considering his military reputation, the resistance of the Boers is likely to become more stubborn than ever.

Roberts' Great Luck. Bloemfontein, March 28.—The military authorities have discovered in a Free State Government chest realizable securities worth £500,000.

Roberts Reports Skirmishes. London, March 29.—The War Office before this the following despatch from Lord Roberts, dated Bloemfontein, March 29th: "General Clements occupied De Smith to-day without opposition. The Boer force was small, and was discovered in a mine, where a communication was made with the inhabitants. The Boer force was small, and was discovered in a mine, where a communication was made with the inhabitants."

Prisoners Honor Joubert. New York, March 30.—A despatch to the Herald from Pretoria says that Gen. Joubert's funeral took place yesterday. He will be buried to-day at Rustfontein in his private mausoleum with military honors. The captured British officers at Pretoria sent a floral tribute.

Government Won't Tell. London, March 30.—In the House of Commons to-day the Under-Secretary of State for the War Office, George Wyndham, was asked

of that regiment were taken prisoners."

A CHAT WITH KRUGER. He Would Not be Hard on Britain if She Gave Up. New York, March 29.—An interview with President Kruger printed in the World to-day has attracted a great deal of attention because of the variety of topics discussed by the President of the South African Republic. It was granted on Feb. 7th at Pretoria, and Secretary Reitz was present. The correspondent says: "Mr. Kruger explained at length the efforts which the British authorities made to seal up Delagoa Bay, and then told of the message he sent to Lord Salisbury concerning it. He said he refused to have any more correspondence with Mr. Chamberlain, but frequently cabled to Lord Salisbury. In one cablegram he asked Lord Salisbury

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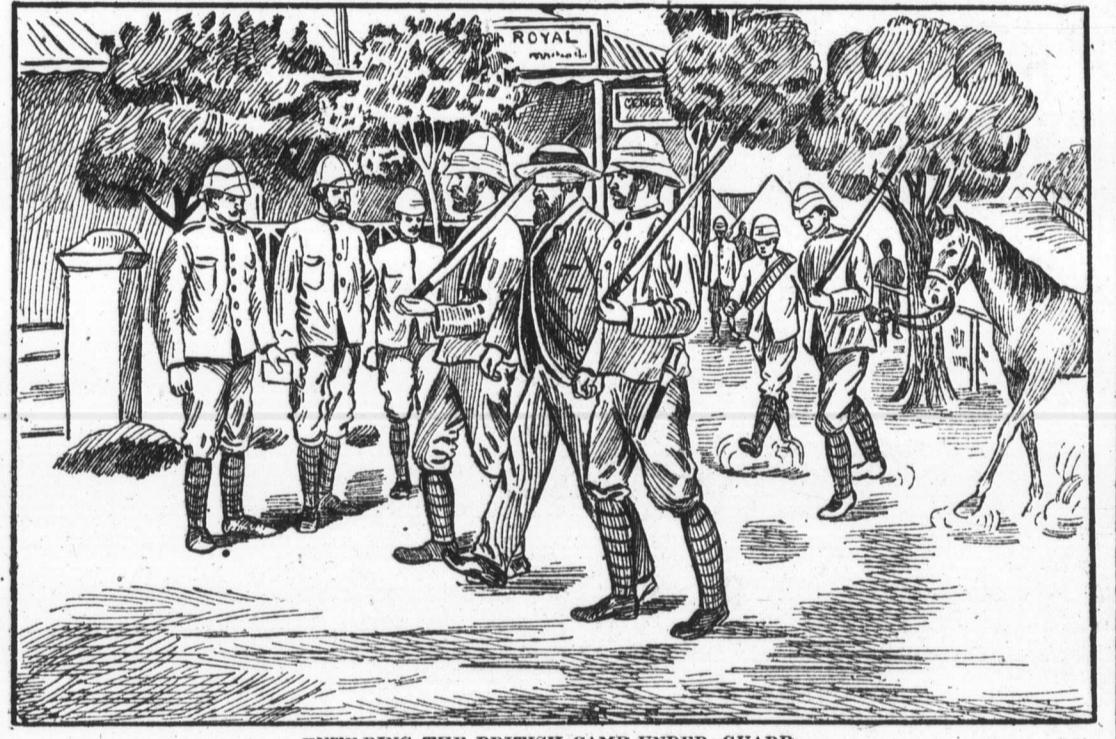
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CRONJE'S MESSENGER TO GENERAL ROBERTS.



ENTERING THE BRITISH CAMP UNDER GUARD.

the advance to relieve Ladysmith, and the terrors of the sieges of Kimberley and Mafeking.

From this interesting accumulation the most vivid is perhaps the detailed account of General French's ride to Kimberley.

It is said that since 600 cavalry charged fruitlessly at Balaklava no such spectacular sight has been recorded in the annals of war. In this case there were 10,000, and with them were some 42 guns. The correspondent of the London Times describes these things as follows:

"From Modder River, from Rensburg, and from DeAr the cavalry, mounted infantry, and horse artillery came in long lines; silently, concentrating at Graspan and Houtbos Kloof. On Monday the march began. Ramdam, eight miles to the south, was soon passed, and a sharp skirmish secured Dekin's Drift, on the Riet. After a halt of a day the column moved on.

"At Klip Drift the cavalry division halted at night. The business host of a dash through the enemy's country, carried out with a rapidity probably without a parallel, left its mark on the horses, and the transport was hopelessly in the rear. Five gawls and forage were carried by each man. Day after day the cavalry moved at high pressure over the shadowless velvet during the hottest hours of the day.

"On Thursday, the 16th, at 10 o'clock, the critical advance was made and the shelling and capture of the laagers a few miles out of Klip drift, on the northern side of the river, cleared the way for the junction of the force encamped on the Modder, some five miles east of the border fence. This body was composed of Kitchener's and Roberts' Horse, and two more regiments of mounted infantry. Before they entered the great plain of Alexandersfontein the contingent from Modder River—the Scots Greys, Household Cavalry, and two Lanczer regiments—also joined the force, which now numbered 10,000 men, seven batteries of horse artillery and their field batteries. Their entry into the plain was the signal for the great event of the day. The plain is perhaps three miles in width and five in length, converging slightly to the north, and fringed with kopjes.

"The kopjes on either side were held by Boers, who poured bullets and shells into the advancing mass, almost hidden by the curtain of dust that rose from under the horses' hoofs. These were quickly cleared of their occupants by the impetuous rush of the mounted infantry. Lieut. Sweet Escott, of the 16th Lancers, was the first officer to fall, shot dead, at fifty yards, by a Boer, who received a lance through his throat almost before he could produce the invective cry of mercy. Kopje after kopje was cleared and the Boers were driven from them right and left, as the column crashed forward.

"At De Villiers' farm, at the northern end of the plain, the column halted and re-formed, after watering the

attention to retake Bloemfontein within a week, and it appears probable that the Boers are advancing in force southward."

London, March 30.—The reports that Lord Roberts will remain at Bloemfontein another month are probably for Boer consumption, and the recent movements of troops and other indications point to preparations being well advanced for a forward movement. The entire silence of the cables this morning is regarded as significant.

The fact that the Boer telegrams announcing the bombardment of Mafeking Monday and Tuesday do not claim any success, is accepted as proof that they met with none, and hopes are entertained that it may prove to have been the final effort to reduce the place before raising the siege.

Is This a Relief Force? It is now suggested that the apparent inactivity of the British at Warrenton is merely designed to improve the Boers with the notion that they are checking the Mafeking relief column, which in reality is advancing by a westerly detour. Color is lent to this view by an announcement that a column of 3,000 mounted troops, commanded by Colonel Drummond, and accompanied by three batteries, a pontoon train and several wagons, departed for Warrenton on West, March 26th, on an extensive march, the objective of which is a strict secret.

The Queen's Sympathy. London, March 30.—Queen Victoria has submitted to Lord Roberts asking him to convey to Mrs. Joubert, widow of General Joubert, her sympathy at the loss of her husband and to tell her that the British people always regard the dead general as a gallant soldier and honorable foe.

Ottawa Boys' Cable. Capt. Town, March 29.—Holland's, Ottawa, Bloemfontein. The above officer cable was received last night by Mr. Andrew Holliday from his son, Eddie, who sailed on the Minto on Feb. 21st with the second contingent of the Canadian Mounted Rifles. Deciphered by a private code arranged before his departure from Ottawa, it means: "We are ordered to join Roberts' forces at Bloemfontein immediately. Ottawa boys well."

Prisoners Honor Joubert. New York, March 30.—A despatch to the Herald from Pretoria says that Gen. Joubert's funeral took place yesterday. He will be buried to-day at Rustfontein in his private mausoleum with military honors. The captured British officers at Pretoria sent a floral tribute.

Government Won't Tell. London, March 30.—In the House of Commons to-day the Under-Secretary of State for the War Office, George Wyndham, was asked

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THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

"I didn't come here for that, Ned," he bluntly remarked. "I came to tell you that I am a smart, bright, honest boy like that to be shut up in a close store, and running his legs off from morning till night for twenty-five cents a day."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Wallingford flushed and looked somewhat distressed by this rather harsh criticism regarding Ned's employment.

"The pay is very little, I know," she returned, "and Ned does get very weary—I can see it, though he has never complained. But it was his own idea—he wanted to try it, and I allowed him to do so; but he seemed to be necessary just at that time, for him to make an effort to earn something, as my health seemed to be giving out, and I could not earn enough for our support."

"And my agent had been plundering you, too," interposed her companion, with a frown.

"I am sure you were not to blame for that," was the gentle reply, "your recent generosity has proven that."

"But! tut! How old is the boy?" "Twelve last March."

"And you're a widow?" "Yes, sir, I am."

Miriam Wallingford's eyes drooped, and a flame of vivid scarlet dyed her pale cheeks, while her sweet lips trembled, as she simply bowed her head in reply.

"The man searched her face keenly for a moment, then remarked: 'There used to be a family of Wallingfords in New Haven—that's my native place.'

Miriam Wallingford turned upon him a wild, frightened look at this, as if some sudden fear had been aroused in her mind—some dread lest some secret of her past might be in danger of being revealed."

"And I thought possibly that they might be relatives of yours," her companion went on, without appearing to notice her emotion.

"Casily," she breathed, with what composure she could assume; "but I was born in Rochester, New York."

"Well, about the boy, Ned, you said, to turn the subject. 'As I said before, a dollar and a half a week is rather poor pay for this kind of work, and as I've taken quite a liking to the little fellow, I thought maybe I could give him a better chance, if you'd consent.'

The gratified mother lifted a pair of gleaming, grateful eyes to him; but without giving her opportunity to speak, he went on to explain:

"I've an interest in one of the hotels down at Nantasket, and I heard the clerk make a mistake yesterday for a boy to act as office runner. The pay will be two dollars a week and board; so, if you are willing to let him go, I can give Edward the chance."

Mrs. Wallingford's hands trembled with mingled pleasure and pain at this attractive offer.

"It would be delightful for Ned to go to a better school for the summer—and she repressed a longing sigh as she thought of the cool breezes, the invigorating air and beautiful bathing-while two dollars a week, besides a board, seemed a small fortune to her."

But how could she bear to part with her dear boy—the only real comfort and joy she had in the world? Then the influence of hotel life were not always of the best, and she feared to let him go into the midst of temptation alone, which it seemed a rare opportunity, and she hesitated about refusing it.

"More than that," the old gentleman resumed, as he searched her anxious face, which plainly portrayed her fears, "they also need someone to take charge of the linen room—to give out the linen as it is needed, see that everything is kept in order, and mend as it comes from the laundry. It occurred to me that if you felt strong enough to undertake it, the place might suit you, and you and the boy could go together."

How Miriam Wallingford's heart leaped at his words! She could hardly believe her ears. It seemed too good to be true. To be able to send her son to the sea shore with Ned, where she felt sure there was new life and strength for her. To have her own and Ned's living provided for and two dollars a week besides—she did not give a thought to any remuneration for her own services—and not be obliged to worry over rent, that kind of all-poverly-worried people, while she would escape the worry and care of providing for their daily needs; and the incessant tolling for a mere pittance upon those tiresome squeaks. "Oh, sir, I am sure you are very kind to make such a tempting offer."

"Then you'll go," he interrupted as if anxious to express his gratitude. "The pay of your services would be much more than the boy's—three dollars a week; but maybe I'd do until you can find something better, and then I'll be worth something to get out of this brooding attic."

"I feel very thankful—" "Tut, tut; that isn't the point at all," said the old man, hastily. "I told the clerk I'd fill the vacancies if I could, and let him know by telephone to-night; so you see it's got to be yes or no right away."

"Of course it will, yes—I could not refuse so kindly an offer; but you must let me say that I am very grateful for your kindness in thinking of us." Miriam Wallingford replied, with a certain impressive dignity and determination that would express her appreciation of his goodness "I am far from strong—I was quite ill a few weeks ago, and began to fear that my health was failing; but I believe if I can get to the seashore and be free from the care and anxiety which have oppressed me, I may begin during the next year. I shall begin at once to regain my strength; for, surely, the duties you have mentioned cannot be too very heavy."

"No, I really you won't be overworked, though you may find it to keep you moderate."

"When shall we have those tiresome duties?" "I suppose it would be best for Ned to leave his school in a week or two."

"No, if you will, I will be early enough to give you plenty for the change."

Mrs. Wallingford rose, and would do with—"Let it remain."

companion, reading her thought. Mrs. Wallingford smiled. "That would be more than I could afford to do," she began.

"Let it remain, I tell you," he reiterated, authoritatively, "at least until you see how it suits you down at Nantasket. If the air should be too bracing, you couldn't stay. If you find you can, you can take a day, next any time to come up to the city, and stow these things away and we won't say anything about the rent for a couple of weeks."

"You are very kind, sir," and Ned and I will be ready to go."

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"All right, I'm going down on the first boat, and you'll meet me at the wharf," the man responded, as he arose to go.

"Surely, sir, you will not go without telling me your name," Mrs. Wallingford, said, smiling, as she arose. "I should like to be able to tell Ned who our new friend is."

"Benjamin Lawson, marm; beg pardon for forgetting to tell you before," he said, awkwardly.

"Thank you, Mr. Lawson. I am sure Ned will be very happy when I tell him of the pleasant change in store for him, while I cannot express to you the sense of relief you have given me in removing an oppressive burden from my heart."

"Glad to hear it, marm," said Mr. Lawson, but looking as if he felt very uncomfortable. Instead, for he was still struggling with a feeling of embarrassment; "but I must be off. Good-day—good-day," and he departed as abruptly as he had come, while Miriam Wallingford sank back in her chair and sobbed out her thankfulness for the great boon which had been so unexpectedly sent her.

She had regained her accustomed composure when Ned came home from the store, while her face wore a happier look than he had seen upon it for a long time. Out of the fullness of her heart she had prepared a very tempting supper for him, and he stopped short upon entering the room, a look of unfeigned surprise on his bright face as he caught sight of the daintily spread table.

"Hullo, Marmee! What's going to happen? Is it a birthday?" "No, no—your birthday comes in January and mine in March. My! but it's a dandy supper, though—blackberries, chopped beef, rolls, and real milk, and you've made it look as pretty as a picture."

His mother laughed out musically, and enjoyed his pleasure most thoroughly.

"Yes, it is a birthday," she returned; "the birthday of Hope."

"Hope! Hope who? Ned demanded, with a puzzled expression.

"Wash your face and hands, and brush your hair nicely, then I will tell you," she said, with a mysterious smile.

Unhastened to obey, not only because his curiosity was aroused, but because his appetite was whetted to the keenest edge by the tempting array of viands before him.

"I'm sure of it," Ned responded, confidently; "at any rate, I know how I can find out; he coughed, with a bright look."

"How dear?" "The little girl called him 'My nice, clever old Budge,'" said the boy, trying to imitate the child's peculiar inflection on the adjective, "and the dog was just tickled enough to jump out of his skin to have her say so."

"But, Ned, you know I do not like to have you on the street after dark," objected his mother.

"I won't be gone long, Marmee," he pleaded, "and I'll be right back. I only want to just try the name; then, if it is Budge, I can go to Summer street and tell the gentleman early to-morrow morning. Please, mother, nothing can harm me and I do so want to do this for that nice little girl who was so pleasant to me."

"Mrs. Wallingford could not withstand this plea; so she reluctantly consented, but charged him not to go with people whom he might meet."

Ned promised that he would not, and about 8 o'clock he started forth on his errand. It was a warm night, and it seemed as if every house had been emptied of its occupants, who had either retired to bed, or to some congenial spot upon a step, and she walked to get the benefit of what little air there was stirring.

Ned avoided the various groups as soon as possible, and made his way as quickly as he could to that vacant lot which had the high board fence built across the front of it.

He found it empty, and one just there for it was rather a dark locality, and most people preferred to take the opposite and more cheerful sidewalk.

He stopped at the corner where he had heard the conversation regarding the dog that morning, and, watching his opportunity when no one was near, he put his lips close to a crack in the fence, and called, in low tones: "Budge! Budge!"

There was no answer, nor sound of any kind from the other side of the fence, and Ned began to fear that the dog had been removed from the lot in the corner to some other quarters.

"Budge! Budge!" he repeated, and then there came to his eager ears a low, plaintive whine.

The boy's heart gave a sudden bound of joy.

"I've found him—I've him!" he murmured, in a suppressed tone of exultation.

But he resolved to make another test, and again putting his lips close to the crack, while he tried to imitate the voice of the dog's mistress, he said: "My nice, clever old Budge."

In response to this there came two sharp, joyous barks, then a succession of plaintive whines, accompanied by a wild commotion, as if the dog was making frantic efforts to get out of his place of confinement.

Ned was sure now that his suspicions were correct, and he leaped to climb over the fence, and release the unhappy little captive; but this he could not do, while even if he had been able to scale it, he might do more mischief than good by arousing Bill Bunting or his accomplices.

first came in, but your wonderful news put it entirely out of my head."

"It seems to me that queer things happen to you often of late," his mother responded, smiling.

"You have heard me speak of Bill Bunting," Ned said.

"Yes—you mean that rude boy who ill-treated you so a few weeks ago."

"Yes; he bullies all the boys—the small ones—within an inch of their lives. Well, this morning, when I was going to the store, just as I was passing that empty lot that has a high board fence in front of it, I heard voices and a low growl behind it. Then some one said: 'Shut up, you started sort of, and I heard a blow, followed by a yelp, as if a dog had been hurt. I stopped and peeped through a crack between the boards, and saw Bill Bunting and another boy. Bill had in his hand a string that was tied around the neck of the dearest little full-blooded pug of the world; he looked over so much like the one that I had seen on Sunday—you remember; her father gave me the quarter.'

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Wallingford.

"Well, I heard Bill say to the other boy, 'You just keep mum about this, and I'll go halves with you on the swag.'

"What is 'swag,' Ned?" questioned his mother.

"Why, it's slang for money. Then he went on to say, 'I'm going to take him down to 'tats,' to sell him in a few days, when they get through advertising for him, and he'll give me something handsome for him.'

"Between you and me, Ned, I don't see why I keep him tied up here and want yer 't watch him when I'm off."

"Where'd yer keep him nights?" the other boy asked.

"In that box down there in the corner—I've got some straw in it, and I bring him water and stuff to eat; but I have 't do it on the sly for fear someone will catch on and howl on me when I'm out."

"Oh, Ned! what language!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallingford.

"Well, mother, that's the way those boys talk, only I haven't repeated it half as bad as he did."

"I couldn't stop to hear more, so I suspected that Bill Bunting had stolen somebody's pet dog. I'm sure of it now, for here's an advertisement—just listen to it."

"And turning again to the paper Ned read aloud: 'Lost or strayed on Monday morning, a full-blooded Pug, very handsomely marked, bright and intelligent, and answering to the name of Budge. When last seen by his owner he wore around his neck a blue ribbon, to which was attached three silver bells, marked with the dog's name and place of residence. Anyone giving reliable intelligence regarding the dog will be liberally rewarded. Apply at No. — Summer street.'

"That is the very dog I told you about, mother," Ned exclaimed, in great excitement. "It belongs to what pretty girl you gave me the rose. Bill Bunting has stolen it, and means to sell it; but I'll block his little game to-morrow morning, you see if I don't."

CHAPTER VI.

"It certainly does seem as if you are right in your suspicions, Ned—that the dog must belong to the little girl, you mention," Mrs. Wallingford remarked, thoughtfully.

"I'm sure of it," Ned responded, confidently; "at any rate, I know how I can find out; he coughed, with a bright look."

"How dear?" "The little girl called him 'My nice, clever old Budge,'" said the boy, trying to imitate the child's peculiar inflection on the adjective, "and the dog was just tickled enough to jump out of his skin to have her say so."

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But he resolved to make another test, and again putting his lips close to the crack, while he tried to imitate the voice of the dog's mistress, he said: "My nice, clever old Budge."

In response to this there came two sharp, joyous barks, then a succession of plaintive whines, accompanied by a wild commotion, as if the dog was making frantic efforts to get out of his place of confinement.

Ned was sure now that his suspicions were correct, and he leaped to climb over the fence, and release the unhappy little captive; but this he could not do, while even if he had been able to scale it, he might do more mischief than good by arousing Bill Bunting or his accomplices.

CATARRH.

Mr. John Quinlan, of Lunenburg, N.S., had almost lost his voice from the effects of Catarrh. A case that baffled the doctors and which months of hospital treatment failed to benefit.

CATARRHOZONE CURED.

Mr. Quinlan says: "For years I have been a victim to one of the most dreaded forms of Catarrh. My vocal organs became gradually affected, and last autumn I could not speak above a whisper. I used many remedies, but they did not help. At last the doctor said I should have to go to the hospital, where I would be given proper treatment. Two months in Lunenburg Hospital, but in three weeks the doctors said nothing could be done, and I returned home. Finally a friend advised me to use a sample of Catarrhozone, and the result was that in a few days I was completely restored. Neighbors and friends came with me that Catarrhozone is the only cure for catarrh of the throat. Hundreds of dollars expended in other ways will not benefit as much as one expense on the boy who gave the dog life."

CATARRHOZONE

is a never-failing cure for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, THROAT IRRITATION.

It is a new, scientific method of treatment, which cures these diseases of the throat, by means of a medicine which, when inhaled, spreads to all portions of the throat, and acts on the mucous membrane, where it kills the germs, and at the same time soothes and heals the sore membrane. Contains no opiates, and is perfectly safe. Price \$1; extra bottles of Linctus \$2.50. Sold by all druggists, or by mail, twenty-five cents for a trial bottle, from S. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

who would, doubtless, spirit the dog away to a safe hiding-place.

He knew that it would be better to wait until morning, and allow the owner and the proper authorities to take the proper hands."

He thought it would not be best to say anything more to Budge, lest he should make a commotion and attract attention; so turning about he hurriedly retraced his steps, and a few minutes later entered his mother's presence, flushed and triumphant.

"I was right, Marmee," he cried, in clear, cheery tones, "the dog is Budge, for he went with me when I called to him. I shall ask the superintendent to let me off for a little while to-morrow morning, while I go to look for her."

"I'm sure the will, dear."

"Let me see if your back has turned," his mother? "as many good things are coming to you, Ned remarked, thoughtfully, after a moment of silence."

"Do you mean by 'cuck,' Ned?" Mrs. Wallingford asked, in a gentle tone, while she bent an earnest, questioning look upon him.

"No, dear; I believe that there is a kind and overruling Power, that governs the fate of every one," she reverently replied.

"No, dear; I believe that there is a kind and overruling Power, that governs the fate of every one," she reverently replied.

"Do you believe it was a kind power that sent you to school and let us go hungry and cold sometimes?" Mrs. Wallingford smiled a little sadly, and thought a moment before replying. "You remember the fever you had two years ago, Ned?"

"Yes."

"And how hungry you were; how you begged for food, and I would not give it to you?"

"Do you think I was lacking in kindness or care because I refused you?"

"No, Marmee, you were very patient with me, when I was cross as a bear, and you never left me—hardly long enough to get yourself in any way. You remember, seriously, you said: 'You feel that I had no reasons for using my power and authority in denying you, and you would keep him as manly, and honest, and dutiful, through life as he was then.'

"The next morning Ned was at his post promptly at eight o'clock, and a few minutes later he sought the "super," as he called him, and asked for a half-hour's leave of absence between nine and ten.

He showed him the advertisement which he had found in the paper, and he knew he did not mean to be irreverent, and she did not chide him. He had always been an exceptionally good boy, and as she gave him his good-night kiss she lifted a silent prayer that God would keep him as manly, and honest, and dutiful, through life as he was then.

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leaving the boy in the presence of the wealthy merchant.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" he inquired, in a gentle tone, as he added his paper, and turned with a smile to his youthful visitor.

"I've come to do something for you, sir," Ned responded, as he held the advertisement out to him. "It's about this—I think I know where the dog is."

"Well, well, that is good news, surely," Mr. Langmaid exclaimed, with a start and look of pleasure. "Where is he?"

"Shut up in a box, in a lot behind a high board fence on Harrison avenue."

"How do you know that it is the dog named in my advertisement?"

"His name is Budge."

"Yes," interposed Mr. Langmaid, "Well, I called this dog by that name, and he whined and barked as if he knew it; besides, I've seen him."

"That may be, but how could you identify him as my dog, for I suppose his collar has been removed."

"Yes, sir; but I saw him in your carriage; I'm the boy who gave the quarter to four Sundays ago for unchecking your horses—I'm Ned Wallingford."

"The second time the man started at the sound of that name, and bent an earnest glance upon the boy."

"True enough," he said, after a moment. "I remember you, and I thought I had seen you in that I had seen you before. Well, we must look into this matter. Can you take me directly to the place where the dog is confined?"

"Who has him?"

"Bill Bunting, sir—that boy who came near knocking me down that Sunday."

"I'll go with you, and I suppose you are not sorry to have this opportunity to get even with him, eh?" Mr. Langmaid remarked, as he bestowed a sharp look on Ned.

The boy colored crimson.

"Truly, sir, I had not thought of that," he said, earnestly. "I only thought how glad the little girl would be to see her dog again."

The gentleman smiled genially.

"You are right; Gertrude will certainly be very much obliged to you; she has grieved herself nearly ill over the loss of Budge. But how did you happen to find out the whereabouts of his pugs?"

Ned related how he had been attracted by the sound of voices and the growling of a dog behind a high board fence, and how, peeping through a crack, he had thought it had a familiar look; that when he read the advertisement he felt sure the dog was Budge, and explained how, the evening previous, he had taken pains to prove it.

"Well, my boy, you have certainly done us a great favor, if this dog proves to be Budge, as I think he will," Mr. Langmaid said, as he pressed upon an electric button in the building near which they stood, and presently the same clerk who had ushered Ned in made his appearance.

"Well, just step out and bring a policeman," he commanded, "and let me see what you intended to do with him." Mr. Langmaid said, in a more kindly tone "If you will tell the truth I shall be inclined to be more lenient."

"How'd you know I had him?" Bill rudely demanded, with a defiant air.

"That does not matter," said the gentleman, coolly. "I simply want to know how the dog came to be in your possession, and what you intended to do with him."

Instead of making any reply, Bill suddenly turned upon Ned, and said: "I'll bet you're at the bottom of this," he said, fiercely. "I've seen yer 'walkin' around here lately, and I'll just owe yer one for this," he concluded, shaking his fist threateningly, in Ned's face.

"Shut up, you young scamp! It'll be a good while before you'll pay it, I'm thinking. We'll have you housed

Local Notes

It is reported that a large number of calves known as "hot" are being shipped from some Ontario points to Montreal, where they are being manufactured into pressed chicken, so-called. The calves need not be older than twenty-four days.

At a recent dinner given by a prominent club a man who is unusually young for the prominence he has won in his chosen field, rose to respond for the first time in a certain city to a toast. His bareheaded face flushed and his manner embarrassed. In his first attempt he began: "Gentlemen: Before I entered this room I had an excellent speech prepared. Only God and myself knew what I was going to say. Now God alone knows." And he sat down.

You Must Turn Out.

It is a common error with the public, to think that a rig caught up to on the highway does not have to turn out unless called on to do so by the party behind him. The law requires the party in front to turn out of his own accord. This is what the act says: "In case a person traveling or being upon a highway in charge of a vehicle as aforesaid, or on horseback, is overtaken by any vehicle or horseman traveling at a greater speed, the person so overtaken shall quietly turn out to the right and allow the said vehicle or horseman to pass."

Calatowa Honor Roll.

Following is the honor roll for the first quarter for S. S. No. 10, Front, Yonge and Escott: Fifth Class.—G. Ladd, M. Hunt, L. Hughes, R. Williams, L. Williams. Fourth Class.—E. Leeder, M. Ladd, E. Armstrong, H. Leeder, M. Hunt, O. Leeder. Third Class.—S. Leeder, H. Leeder, A. Ladd, L. Hunt, L. Hughes, T. Hughes. Second Class.—P. Edgley. Sr. Pt. Second.—E. Hughes. Jr. Pt. Second.—G. Heffernan. First Class.—I. Leeder. Average attendance, 17.

LOU M. STEVENS, Teacher.

Prohibition.

Rev. Dr. McKay, in a recent address delivered at Woodstock on the subject of prohibition said: "Fifty years ago the attitude of the masses towards the traffic was one of apathy, indifference, tolerance; now, in the words of our late Finance Minister, 'three-quarters of the people of Canada have set their faces against the drink habit.' Ten years ago the annual consumption of spirituous liquors averaged nearly two gallons and a half for each man, woman and child in America. Today the average is less than one gallon. It ought, however, to be mentioned that during this time the consumption of beer has greatly increased."

Beats the Kissing Bug.

Dr. L. O. Howard, of Washington, D. C., in an address before the Sigma Chi Society at Yale college, gave warning of the approach of an insect which will outrival the "kissing bug," says a New Haven despatch. The bug is known in some parts of the West as the "Blood sucking Cone Nose." The insect inhabits parts of New Mexico, and Dr. Howard states that it is moving northward. It is described as being bright and speckled, quite large, and capable of giving a most ferocious bite. The sting of the insect is poisonous like that of the so-called "kissing bug." Dr. Howard stated that quite recently he had heard of several of them being found in a package sent home from a Chinese laundry. Dr. Howard was formerly editor of Insect Life, and is at present chief of the division of entomology in the United States Department of Agriculture.

SEED POTATOES.

The undersigned offers the Early Fortune potato for seed. It is one of the strongest growers among the early varieties, both as to early ripening qualities and enormous productiveness. Of strong, vigorous growth, it is handsome in form and its color resembles the Early Rose. It finds yield, under the same cultivation, three times as many as the Early Rose from the same amount of seed planted. Although Early Fortune was planted three weeks later than the Early Rose, they matured at the same time. N. B.—Anyone wanting these seed potatoes, can have same at greatly reduced prices from what is generally asked by the leading seedmen. 41. Wm Mott, Church st., Athens.

PATRIOTIC CONCERT.

A committee appointed by the lodge of Workmen of Athens request us to announce a public meeting to be held in Lamb's Hall on Monday evening, 9th inst., to arrange for a patriotic concert in aid of the Canadian soldiers now doing duty in South Africa. The invitation to take part is extended to all societies in town, the reeve and councilors of the village and township, trustees of the high and public schools, and others favorable to doing a share towards providing for the soldiers, their wives and children. The meeting will commence at 8 o'clock sharp. Let there be a good turnout from township and village.

THE POEM.

He lifted his head, And the vision that stood there smelt "Oh, Paul," she said, "I have come to thy bidding; no child of thy fancy, dead, But living and breathing as thou Take me now!"

His heart, how it burned! But he thought, "This a dream, If it will vanish, and yea, With an infinite yearning and strove With his doubts till she turned— She, the vision—and sorrowful went Ere he knew her intent.

He leapt to his feet And seized on her undulant veil, With its odor so sweet As the Maytime, and, lo, it did trail In his hand, all complete! She had gone, and he cherished, forlorn, The veil she had worn.

The veil he upraised, He showed it to men, and they cried As they noted, amazed, The diaphanous wonder, "What pride Of invention!" and praised. But sweeter and sadder he grew And replied, "If you knew!" —Henry Bannister Merwin in Atlantic.

His Thirtieth Birthday

On That Day He Decided to Renounce Profranchise For the Girl He Loved.

By Lloyd Osborne.

His thirtieth birthday! His first youth was behind him, with all its heartburnings, its failures, its manifold humiliations. What had he done these years past but drift, forlorn, penniless and unattached, over those shallows where others had stuck and prospered?

In the colonies he had toiled unremittently in half a hundred characters, groom, cook, boundary rider, steamer roustabout, always sinking, always falling. Had life nothing more for him than an endless succession of not empty days on the farthest beach of Utopia, with scarcely more to eat than the commonest Kanaka and no other outlet for his energies than the bartering of salt beef for coprah and an occasional night's fishing on the reef?

The noise of an incoming boat drew him to the door, and he looked out to see the pastor's old whaler heading through the pass. A half grown girl leaped into the water and hastened up to the store with something fastened in a banana leaf. It was a letter, which she shyly handed to the trader.

Walter Kinross looked at it with surprise, for it was the first he had received for four years, and the sight of its English stamp and familiar handwriting filled him with something like awe.

"My dear nephew—I know you're pretty old to come back and start life afresh here, but if you haven't had the unmitigated folly to get married out there and tied by the leg forever I'll help you to make a new start, if you have the grit to do it. You shan't starve if \$1,000 a year will keep you, and if you will try and turn over a new leaf and make a man of yourself in good earnest I am prepared to mark you down substantially in my will.

But, mind, no promises; payment strictly by results. You're no longer a boy, and this is probably the last chance you'll ever get of entering civilized life again and meeting respectable folk. I incline you to draft at Sydney for \$1,250 for you will doubtless need clothes, etc., as well as your passage money, and you do decide not to return you can accept it as a present from your old uncle. Affectionately yours,

ALAN BAYWOOD. The house could not contain him and his eager thoughts; he must needs feel the sky overhead and take all nature into his puny confidence. Besides, Valala had now a new charm for him, one he had never counted on to find.

Hard and lonely though his life had been, this Samoan boy was endeared to him by a thousand pleasant memories and even by the recollection of his past unhappiness. Here he had found peace and love, freedom from taskmasters, scenes more beautiful than any picture, and, not least, a sufficiency to eat.

A little money, and his life might have been tolerable, even happy; enough money for a good sized boat, a cow or two, and those six acres of the Pascoe estate he had so often longed to buy. How often had he talked of it with Leata, who had been no less eager than himself to harness their quarter acre to the six and make them all his little paradise. Poor Leata, whom he had taken so lightly from his father's house and paid for in gunpowder and eggs of beef; his smiling, soft eyed Valala, who would have died for him! What was to become of her in this new arrangement of things.

By this time he had worked quite round the bay, and almost without knowing it he found himself in front of Paul Englebert's store. Englebert was the other trader in Valala, a peppery, middle aged Prussian, who had been a good friend of his before those seven breadfruit trees had come between them.

He recalled Englebert's rough, jovial kindness, remembered how Paul had cared for him through the fever, and helped him afterward with money and trade. How could he have been so petty as to make a quarrel of these breadfruit trees? Poor old Paul! It was a shame they hadn't spoken these two years.

On the veranda, barefoot and in striped pyjamas, was Englebert, pretending not to see him. To Kinross, as he walked up the path and mounted the veranda stairs, the man looked old and sick, and not a little changed. "How do you do, Englebert?" he said. The German looked at him with smoldering eyes. "Gant you see I'm busy?" he said.

"You might offer a man a chair," said Kinross, seating himself on the stool chest. "There is no fare for dem dat isn't welcome," said the German. "I used to be welcome here," said Kinross. "There was a time when you

were a precious good friend of mine, Paul Englebert."

"Dat was long ago," said the trader. "I've been thinking," said Kinross, "that I've acted like a fool about those trees."

"Dat was what I was thinking, too, dese two-dree years," responded the other. "Take them; they are yours," said Kinross. "You can build your fence there tomorrow."

"So?" said Englebert with dawdling intelligence. "De Yerman gonual has at last to my complaint listened."

"Hang the German consul! No!" cried Kinross. "I do it myself because I was wrong; because you were good to me that time I was sick and lent me the \$100 and the trade."

"And you want nothing?" asked Englebert, still incredulous. "I want to shake your hand and be friends again, old man," said Kinross, "same as we used to be when we played dominoes every night, and you'd tell me about the Austrian war, and how the prince divided the cigars with you when you were wounded."

The German looked away. "Oh, Kinross," he said, with a queer shining look in his eyes, "you make me much ashamed." He turned suddenly round and wrung the Englishman's hand in an iron grip. "I too, was fool. Ho, Malla, de beer!"

His strapping native wife appeared with bottles and mugs. At the sight of their guest she could scarcely conceal her surprise. "Frost," said Englebert, touching glasses. "You know dem six agers of de Pascoe estate," he said, looking very hard at his companion; "very nice little place, very sheep, yooast behind your store?"

Kinross nodded, but his face fell, in spite of himself. "I from the American gonual bought him," went on the German, "very sheep—\$200 Chile money."

"De beer," said Kinross, "I don't know what to say—how to thank you! Only this morning I got money from home, and the first thing I meant to do was to buy them."

"All de better," said Englebert, "and, my boy, you blant goffe. It's de goffe dat says, and I will get you plenty leetle drees from my friend, de goost in Utumbau blantation. Yooast one glass beer. Ho, Malla, de beer!"

Kinross took himself away with difficulty and started homeward, his heart swelling with kindness for the old Prussian. He exulted in the six acres he had so nearly lost, and they now seemed to him more precious than ever.

Then he remembered he was leaving Valala, and again he heard the hum of London in his ears. He found Leata sitting on the floor spelling out "The Good News From New Guinea," in the missionary magazine. He sat down beside her and pressed her curly hair against his lips and kissed it.

"Of all things in the world what wouldst thou like most, Leata?" he asked. "To have thee always near me, Kinross," she answered. "Before I had no understanding and was like the black people in the missionary book, but now my heart is pained, so full it is with love."

"But if I gave thee a little bag of gold," he said, "and took thee to Apla, my pigeon, what wouldst thou buy?" "First I would give \$10 to the new church," she began. "Then for my father I would buy an umbrella and a shiny bag in which he could carry his cartridges and tobacco when he goes to war; for my mother, also an umbrella and a picture book like that of the missionary's, with photographs of Queen Victoria and captains of men-of-war; for my sister, a Bible and a hymnbook, and for my brother a little pigeon gun."

"Tomorrow we shall go to Apla and buy them," said Kinross. "This morning the pastor brought me a letter from Britain with a present of many dollars."

"Oh, Kinross!" she cried, "it was breaking my heart! I feared the letter would make you go back to the white man's country."

His resolution was taken, be it for good or evil. "I shall never go back," he said.—Atlantic Magazine.

Clever Engineering Feat. A railway recently built in southern Bavaria practically carries a creek across the railway, instead of the railway crossing the creek. The stream is a small tributary of the Isar river, that in stormy times is swelled to enormous proportions. Every bridge that has been built over it has been carried away. Finally a young engineer offered to solve the difficulty.

A tunnel of strong masonry was first constructed across the valley and reinforced on the outside, turned toward the torrent with all the rocks available that had collected there. Cross walls leading from the solid rock and across the tunnel were built and strongly braced. This was done to protect the railway. The rest was left for nature to do. At the first strong rain everything happened as the young engineer had predicted. Boulders and rocks coming down with the water filled up the big hole left between the tunnel and the rocks, until the overflow carried everything across the tunnel. The bed of the torrent was raised by itself, and now there is not the slightest danger of interruption in this part of the railroad even after the most severe rainstorm.

Where is its Value. Hicks—You know that "silence is golden." Wicks—That means it is very precious because it is so scarce.—Boston Transcript.

ODD CEMETERY CUSTOM.

Two Burials For Some of the Poor of New Orleans.

The man with the broad brimmed hat was dilating on the beauties of New Orleans. He had told of the air heavy with perfume in winter. He had described the foreign quarters where the architecture and customs of continental Europe were transplanted bodily. He had gasped for breath to tell of the old French market and of the acres of sugar barrels on the levees.

"And the poor people of the city have two days of judgment," he said finally. "To all the world there comes one day of reckoning, but New Orleans in perhaps the only American city that hales its citizens to an earthly reckoning after death."

"Owing to the fact that the city lies so low that a hole six feet deep will fill with water in a short time, there are no graves in any of the cemeteries. All the dead lie in tombs. The tombs of the wealthy make the cemeteries places of beauty. They are like miniature cities deserted. The tenements of the dead poor serve as walls for the back lines of the cemeteries. These walls resemble a series of lake ovens in that they are full of huge pigeon holes, each hole large enough to admit a coffin."

"A poor man is entitled to lie in one of these pigeonholes free for a certain term as years as he can pay. A smaller sum will secure a pigeonhole for a limited number of years. Every few years there is a day of reckoning, or a day of judgment, as it is called there. A huge hole is dug in the corner of the cemetery, and the dead who are in arrears of rent are pulled out of the pigeonholes and cast into the common grave which has sheltered thousands in its time. Only those bodies that are beyond redemption are put into the big grave, which is used over and over, being reopened whenever occasion demands."

"Over the slabs that seal the recesses are blocks of wood, and on these are tacked tags telling who is inside. Few have epitaphs. Usually merely the name appears. The masses down there do not read, and the newspaper plays little part in their lives. Therefore when one dies as a rule there is no announcement in the paper, but an invitation to the funeral is written in English or French on black bordered cards, and these are tacked to the telegraph poles in the neighborhood of the bereaved family."—New York Mail and Express.

ONE "FAKE" TOO MANY.

A Remonstrance Reporter Who Was Finally Caught Out.

"The most incorrigible fakir that ever slipped ink on a daily paper is at present a director in a big trust in the northeast," said an old reporter last evening. "The way he got out of the newspaper business was rather peculiar, and as the story is now pretty generally forgotten it may be worth telling."

"He had persuaded one of the big northern dailies to send him on a trip to Havana to write up the sugar industry, but after he arrived at Pinar he concluded it would be foolish to make a long ocean voyage when there were so many good cyclopedias at hand and proceeded to grind out his letters from a room in the hotel. The correspondence attracted a good deal of attention, and his descriptions of island life were generally regarded as the most truthful and graphic that had ever been penned. Just how he arranged about getting his simultaneous reports to the office answered: 'I don't remember, but he asked it somehow and kept the thing going for several months.'

"At last he was supposed to return and at last really took the train for the east. His route he got broke to a Pullman car-poker game. He was then he executed his great coup. He got off at a little town in Arizona and telegraphed his office: 'Just held up by train robbers. Got all I had. Wire me \$250.' The office answered: 'Money sent. Rush in full account of hold-ups.' In response he promptly wired a lurid story of a train robbery on the Great American desert, which his paper printed under glaring headlines next morning, and when a few western correspondents denied it later on they weren't believed. The superintendent of the road, however, was very sore and took the trouble to send a bunch of affidavits to the weary romancer's editor."

"When the young man was confronted with the proofs, he said calmly that a chap on the Pullman had held a sequence snash against his four acres, and if that wasn't constitutive train robbery he would like to know what did. The argument was ingenious, but it didn't save him. He was ignominiously fired, and now, as I said before, he is a bloated trust magnate rolling in riches. I always thought he would come to some bad end."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Baby's Original Feat.

One of the clerks in the Pennsylvania railroad office who is something of a wit came down yesterday morning with a tale about his baby—his firstborn. There was nothing unusual in this particular clerk relating the experiences of his baby, for, like all young fathers, he is addicted to the practice, but this tale was out of the ordinary.

With many digressions and considerable embellishment the proud parent related how his offspring had thrown the household into consternation by swallowing a sponge and how various remedies had been applied to relieve the child. Finally one of the other clerks grew weary of the recital and broke in with: "Oh, cut it short! The kid didn't kick the bucket, did it?"

"Not exactly," replied the young parent. "But he threw up the sponge."—Philadelphia Record.

Come to Hongkong.

Some time ago a large tea-shop was opened in a town near London. To attract customers it was announced that each purchaser of a pound of tea would receive a check for a shilling to buy goods on a certain date.

The proprietor did a flourishing trade all the day. One for the clerks to be presented. Crowds of customers came and were deeply disappointed to see the shutters down and on them a big poster, which read: "Our compliments to our customers, and we beg to state that we have gone to Hongkong for more tea."—London Standard.

Scented tea is very largely drunk in China. This is made by mixing orange blossoms with the tea and letting it remain tightly shut up for 24 hours.

Things are prone to look rosy when we run into debt, but not long after everything is dim colored.—Boston Transcript.

CHAOS IN A LIBRARY.

Sarcey's Fearfully Bad Luck With the Custodians of His Books.

Francisque Sarcey had a splendid library, of which he was very proud, and pyramids of many stories tall in Paris bore the singular fates, comic and tragic, that overtook the librarians who successively looked after the late critic's books.

The first was a released convict, who pleased Sarcey so much among good books would reform him. Sarcey, pugnacious in print, was the kindest of men in practice. He yielded to the plea. Unfortunately his protegee carried the ethical cure too far, for one day he decamped, taking with him the best of M. Sarcey's good books.

The second was a distinctly minor dramatist, Debruit by name and debris by nature. He had worn himself into an incurable melancholy by persistent addition to the humorous vaudeville habit. Sarcey saw that abstinence from further composition could only be secured if the man had some light occupation with a living wage. He established him in the management below the woe-gone librarian, wearing of life, had thrown himself out of the window. With his last breath he cursed Sarcey as his murderer.

Third in order was one Bernard, a glum youth, whose blithe temperament promised relief from the gloom cast by his predecessor. In the height of his glee he pulled out all the books, so as to rearrange them in more logical order on the shelves. He stacked them in crazy pyramids all over the floor. But it happened to be the special day of the week when Sarcey was wont to have a few of his theatrical friends, male and female, to lunch with him. After lunch a dance followed as a matter of course. Nothing could dismay the librarian. He whisked the pyramids to four walls and joined in the dance. Next day he asked permission to go home and see his mother. He never returned. The pyramids to be sorted out by Sarcey's manservant and put pell-mell on the shelves again.

The last librarian was Mlle. Bionaka, an elderly Polish maiden, who proved an admirable assistant until she perished miserably in the fire at the charity hall in Paris.—Philadelphia Times.

THINGS WE DO NOT NOTICE.

How Many Steps to Your House or Between a Westward Waistcoat.

Was it not Sherlock Holmes who convicted Dr. Watson of obtuseness because he had climbed hundreds of times up a particular flight of stairs without noticing that there were 19 of them?

It was an unfair test, because nobody ever dreams of counting any steps except those of the monument, and nobody ever goes up the monument except inquiring strangers and enthusiastic provincials. But it exemplifies as well as anything the lack of observation found in all men except the detectives of fiction.

There is a certain intimate circle of things which is, so to speak, inside the range of scrutiny. The stair question would have baffled Solomon himself. There is one man in a thousand who knows how many steps connect the ground floor of his house with the first floor.

Take, for instance, a watch. This is a fairly similar object, and if you were asked whether the numbers on the face of it corresponded to the Roman numerals you would no doubt say "Yes."

Yet if you will take out your watch and look at the symbol for four you will observe that it is not the customary IV, a difference which it probably never occurred to you to notice before.

Or, again, can you say how many hold-ups you have on your waistcoat? This, as the advertisements say, is no catch. There is no aroma of the herring and a half about it. It means what it says.

The average tailor is accustomed to sew on the average waistcoat a certain number of buttons. The precise number he knows, but how many of his customers? Lay your hand on your heart, well to the left, O masculine reader, and say, keeping your eyes in front, whether five or six or seven is the number of buttons from your chest to your waist.

If your waistcoat consisted of only three steps, no Sherlock Holmes could corner you, and a three button waistcoat would be easily remembered. It is only when the number rises into the regions of the fives and sixes—where the savage aforesaid gives up arithmetic and takes refuge in the word "many"—that exact recollection becomes difficult.—London Globe.

A Democratic Marquis.

The late Marquis of Winchester, who was killed in the South African war, was very popular with his soldiers. There was one duty, however, in connection with the Household brigade which he positively detested, and many stories are told of the marquis's stubborn protests against going on bank guard. The staff quarters assigned the officers in Thread-needle street were close and stuffy, and the marquis invariably left them with a violent headache. Once when going off duty he said to the sergeant: "This job always makes me wish such a commodity as filthy lucre had never been invented. Then there would be no bank guard."

"But, my dear lord," came the reply, "you wouldn't have had an income of so many thousand a year. That might not have been very pleasant either."

"Oh, sergeant," rejoined the marquis, with a smile, "it is not the first time in my life that I have wished I had been born plain John Smith, without a sixpence in my pocket unless I had earned it."

The Age of the Earth.

So far as I have been able to form an opinion 100,000,000 years would suffice for that portion of the history which is registered in the stratified rocks of the crust. But if the geologists find such a period too narrow for their requirements I can see no reason on the geological side why they should not be at liberty to enlarge it as far as they may find to be needful for the evolution of organic life on the globe.—Sir Archibald Geikie.

A Deeply Laid Plot.

Mrs. Good—Why does your husband wear your diamonds? Mrs. Wicked—He wears them to tempt Mr. Richman. Mrs. Wicked—How do you know, and he is a Jew? Mrs. Good—He is a Jew.

Write the Doctor.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write freely, you will receive a prompt reply, without cost or obligation. Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Bath, N. Y.

LANGUID

Many a school-girl is said to be lazy and shiftless when she doesn't deserve the least bit of it. She can't study, easily falls asleep, is nervous and tired all the time. And what can you expect? Her brain is being fed with impure blood and her whole system is suffering from poisoning. Such girls are wonderfully helped and greatly changed, by taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Hundreds of thousands of schoolgirls have taken it during the past 50 years. Many of these girls now have homes of their own. They remember what cured them, and now they give the same medicine to their own children. You can afford to trust a Sarsaparilla that has been tested for half a century.

If your bowels are constipated, make Ayer's Pills. You can't have good health unless you have daily action of the bowels. 25 cts. a box. One box of Ayer's Pills cured my dyspepsia. L. D. GARWOOD, Jan. 12, 1899. Bath, N. Y.

Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write freely, you will receive a prompt reply, without cost or obligation. Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Too Bad. She was good at recitation, and she'd picked a piece on "Peach." "Was to benefit the war fund, so, of course, it wasn't fair." "That while she spoke the piece she'd picked the simple gown she wore. Should be so picked to pieces by the other women there." —Philadelphia Press.

They Would Watch Her. "When I was spending my vacation at the Meadow Vine inn," said the girl who calls "cash" in the winter and spends cash in the summer, "I would recline on the mossy bank and watch the eddies." "How about the Percy, the Fweddyes and the Gussies?" grinned the ribbon clerk.—Chicago News.

The Billville Way. The folks down here in Billville air works with a will. When the vote is on the market on the moonshine on the "still." They march to campaign music, they know just how to drill. When the vote is on the market on the moonshine on the "still." —Atlanta Constitution.

A Fair Division. "The legislative and executive functions of government should be kept separate." "That's just what I've always said, Jonas; you lay down the laws in this house, and you ought to let me spend the money."—Indianapolis Journal.

Poor Girl. An elderly maiden named Ann, After many years married a man. His last name was Teak, And great was her pride, For as Ann Teak her troubles began. —Philadelphia Record.

Glad of It. "There's many a noble song unsung." "Thank heaven!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Heet, Mom! What hosts of friend's admirer had we had, Gilt by some centripetor's edict's spell, Still folk we meet wherever we might stray, Could only see us as we see ourself! —Chicago Record.

MARRIED. RUSSELL-LAROSE—At Athens, on the 28th March, 1900, by Rev. Rural Dean Wright, John Russell, of Lansdowne Road, to Lillie Larose, of the same place.

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. Heart Trouble—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FINE, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

A Saviour—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not healthy. They are now healthier and have not since had a cold." Mrs. F. F. BROOKS, Ont.

Sarsaparilla

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

# OUT OF THE SHELL

This Easter you will want to step out of your old clothes as the chick comes out of the shell, and we want to interest you in a new "shell." We have, to show you, some of the most stylish and handsome weaves, made up in correct garments

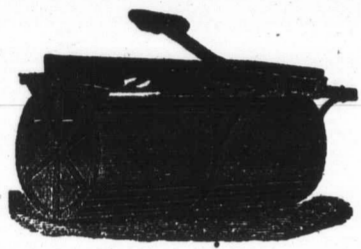
We Would Like to Sell You That Easter Suit

## M. SILVER,

West Cor. King and Buell Sts.—Brockville

P. S.—This Easter you will want to step out of your old boots as you did out of your old clothes. Just step into Silver's and see his stock of Boots and Shoes for spring.

## Hardwood Rollers to the Front Again



The great advance in price of Steel and Iron has put the Steel Roller out of sight, but we are on hand with a stock of first class HARDWOOD ROLLERS at a very small advance from last year, which we can ship or deliver at the works on short notice.

For particulars, &c, address

### LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

Box 52 LYN ONT.

THE Athens Hardware Store



We keep constantly on hand full lines of the following goods: Paints, Sherwin & Williams and all the best makes, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Putty, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope (all sizes), Builders' Hardware in endless variety, Blacksmith Supplies and Tools, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, and Drain Tools, Spades and Scoops, Iron Piping (all sizes with couplings), Tinware, Agateware, Lamps and Lanterns, Chimneys, &c, Pressed Nickel Tea Kettles and Tea Pots, Fence Wire, (all grades), Building Paper, Guns and Ammunition, Shells for all Guns (loaded and unloaded), Shot and Powder, &c., &c.

Agent for the Dominion Express Company. The cheapest and best way to send money to all parts of the world.

Give me a call when wanting anything in my line.

## Wm Karley, Main St., Athens.



## Perfection Cement Roofing

THE TWO GREAT RAIN EXCLUDERS

THESE GOODS are rapidly winning their way in popular favor because of their cheapness, durability and general excellence. Does your house or any of your outbuildings require repairing or a new roof? Are you going to erect a new building? If so, you should send for circular describing these goods or apply to

### W. G. McLAUGHLIN

Athens Ontario

## Athens Reporter

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

—BY— B. LOVERIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN THREE MONTHS. No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher. A post office notice to discontinue is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been made.

### ADVERTISING

Business notices in local or news columns 10c per line for first insertion and 5c per line for each subsequent insertion. Special Cards, 5 lines or under, per year, \$3.00; over 5 and under 10 lines, \$4.00. Legal advertisements, 5c per line for first insertion and 3c per line for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount for contract advertisements. Advertisements sent without written instructions will be inserted until forbidden and charged full time. All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil—12 lines to the inch.

### NEWBORN

MONDAY, April 2.—When we gaze on the roads it makes us long for the ideal age when balloon ascensions will be the order of travel.

The farmers have finished taping and syrup is reaching us in small quantities.

James Bell, one of our popular farmers, has bought a farm in the vicinity of Addison and will take up his abode there in a few days.

W. H. Gorsline has bought the Butler property on Drummond st., recently occupied by H. Davis, and will become a citizen of upper town.

Miss Blanche Gallagher, who has been indulging in an extended visit to Athens, Brockville, and other points, has returned home.

From outward appearances, the needy and destitute of this place will find plenty of relief at the canning works in the way of employment.

J. T. Gallagher is improving his property on Carlton street.

The English church is receiving considerable repairs and when completed will be second to none in appearance in this locality.

With regret, we record the death of Wm Chamberlain, which took place at his late residence on Thursday, March 29th. His death was a shock to all, as no one realized he was in danger. Mr. Chamberlain was for years a most exemplary christian, being a member of the Methodist church, in which denomination he officiated as a class-leader. We extend heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

### "Of a Good Beginning"

Cometh a good end." When you take Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify your blood you are making a good beginning, and the good end will be health and happiness. This medicine cures all humors of the blood, creates a good appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and imparts vigor and vitality to the whole system. It is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

Biliousness is cured by Hood's Pills. 25 cents.

### CHANNY

MONDAY, April 2.—We are pleased to report that Mr. L. Knowlton is recovering from his recent serious illness.

Miss Laura Alford has returned home from visiting friends in Brockville, Fairfield and Athens.

Miss Abbie Derbyshire is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Beach.

Mr. Frank Seed is back again for the summer. The factory started last Monday morning.

We learn with deep regret of the sudden death of Miss Viola Ripley of Westport, a young lady who was well known and highly respected by many in this vicinity.

Mr. Henry Knapp and sister, Mrs. Stephen Darling of Athens, will leave for Edmonton, Alberta, next Tuesday.

Mr. Theophilus Hales and sister and Miss Jennie Young of Forfar were the guests of Mrs. W. B. Percival, one day last week.

Mr. David Irwin and family, formerly of Daytown, have moved into the vacant house owned by Mr. S. L. Knowlton. Channy is growing rapidly.

Mrs. James Wetherell of Lyndhurst has returned home after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Copeland.

Miss Elma Sherwood has returned from visiting friends in Portland and other places.

Mr. Albert Brown, our genial store-keeper, has just got in a new stock of goods for summer.

### A DELIGHTED PLUMBER.

For Twelve Years Catarrh was the Bane of his Life—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cured Him.

Mr. James Ormsby, a plumber, lives at 199 Jarvis street, Toronto. He says: "For nearly twelve years I have been troubled with catarrh; my nostrils were continually stopping up, and I suffered very much with headache. The doctors proclaimed it chronic catarrh. They could not give me any permanent relief. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder both relieved and cured me. I can recommend it with confidence." Sold by J. F. Lamb & Son.

South American Kidney Cure Steps in and Cures Bright's Disease and Other Kidney Disorders.

It is really wonderful the number of so called hopeless cases diagnosed so by the best physicians in the land, that have been radically cured by South American Kidney Cure. It goes directly to the seat of the trouble, dissolves and eradicates from the system every impurity that would clog these organs and prevent them performing their perfect function. Thousands have written voluntarily to say "It has cured me." Sold by J. F. Lamb & Son.

### MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

The Potsdam (N. Y.) Herald says: Mr. Chas. Bannister was over in Canada recently, and became interested in municipal ownership of the electric lighting plant in Prescott. A private company formerly owned the electric light plant and charged 3c per night for each 16 candle power incandescent light, and claimed they were not making any money at that. The municipality put in a plant, in connection with the waterworks, developing the electricity by steam, and put the price down to one cent per night in the commercial circuit and one-half cent per night in private houses, giving an all-night service, and are making money by the enterprise. People there are naturally very much pleased with their lights, and Mr. Bannister became convinced that Potsdam could make a nice profit by putting in an electric plant at the water house, where it could be run eight months out of every year by water power owned by the village, that now runs to waste. At Prescott the municipality collects the electric light fees every week. The Potsdam electric light company is charging 50c per month for each 16 candle incandescent light, giving a service that closes at one o'clock.

### AN AUTOMATIC MEASURE.

Kingston Whig.—Most people like to get a little more than their share of the good things of this world, and the farmer is not to be blamed if he is as greedy as the rest. It is not the intention to impugn in the slightest degree the honesty of the farmer, for as a class there is no more honest man living. But he likes his share and a bit more, like the rest of us. Therefore when he came to the Dairy School with his milk he took home more skimmed milk than he was entitled to. The consequence was that somebody had to go without.

But things are different today. Superintendent Hart has had placed in position an automatic skimmed milk weigher, consisting of scales and milk receiver. When the farmer unloads his milk he is given a check the length of which is proportionate to the amount of skimmed milk he should receive. When he drives to the rear of the school, where the new "machine" is set up on stilts, he inserts the check into a slot. This shows the balance over till it marks the weight of the milk the man should receive. By the time this is done a valve opens and the receiver fills till the weights poise. The second the equivoque is obtained the valve at the tap closes and a valve at the bottom of the receiver opens. Through the latter the farmer's due share of skimmed milk passes, but he doesn't get a drop over his share. In this manner any quantity can be measured out. There is no such thing as cheating this penny-in-the-slot machine. Nelson Buzell & Co., Cowansville, Que., are the manufacturers of the automatic weigher.

In the country, where an elevated tank is not used, the milk drawers are obliged to work an obstinate pump handle, which furnishes all the whey they like to draw away—provided they get there first, for they generally leave nothing for the patrons who are late.

The greatest event in astronomical circles in 1900 will be the total eclipse of the sun on May 28. All the noted astronomers of this country as well as those in all the universities of the Old World, are already making arrangements to observe the dazzling event. The governments of Great Britain, Germany, France, and Austria have notified the United States that they will send to this country observation parties to note the phenomena of the total eclipse.

**That Cutting Acid**—That arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a foretaste of indigestion and dyspepsia, and if neglected, will develop into the chronic stage. Take one of Dr. Von Suan's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent this distress and aid digestion.—50 in a box 35 cents. Sold by J. F. Lamb & Son.

A newspaper whose columns are well filled with advertisements of business men, has more influence in attracting attention to building up a town than any other agency that can be employed. People go where there is business. Capital and labor go where there is an enterprising community. No power on earth is so strong to build up a town as a newspaper well patronized, and its powers should be appreciated.—T. De Witt Talmage.

When Doctor Says "HOPELESS," South American Kidney Cure Steps in and Cures Bright's Disease and Other Kidney Disorders.

It is really wonderful the number of so called hopeless cases diagnosed so by the best physicians in the land, that have been radically cured by South American Kidney Cure. It goes directly to the seat of the trouble, dissolves and eradicates from the system every impurity that would clog these organs and prevent them performing their perfect function. Thousands have written voluntarily to say "It has cured me." Sold by J. F. Lamb & Son.

"Turn that wrapper the other side out," said a lady in a store recently as the clerk was putting up her purchases in wrapping paper on which the proprietor's name stood out in bold black letters. "I don't want to be a walking advertisement for your store. I read the papers as all intelligent people ought to do and think in them is the place to advertise, instead of asking your customers to carry your sign around with every purchase."

The Ogdensburg Journal starts the first fish story of the season as follows: A New York fisherman dropped a repeater watch into the St. Lawrence two years ago. Last summer he caught an unusually large fish and as he landed it something inside the fish struck five. Of course when he cut the fish open he found his repeater watch stuck in the fish's throat and keeping perfect time. The passing of the food down the fish's throat had kept it wound from day to day.

In a breach of promise case recently tried at Boston the defendant set up the plea that the alleged contract, having been made on a Sunday night, was void under the general Sunday law. The judge overruled the plea, and observed that in the part of the country where his youth was passed the young people used to think that such contracts were among the things that Sunday, and especially Sunday evening, was instituted for. The raising of this question opens up a wide field of action for the members of the Sabbath Observation Association.—Toronto Sun.

A Renfrew citizen headed off a repetition of the caterpillar pest by cutting down his lumbard poplar shade trees. This remedy involves quite a sacrifice, but it is effectual, and might be followed with advantage to the public by many owners of less lofty trees who are too indolent to take any steps towards combating the pest.

In the country, along the fences, are many useless wild cherry and plum trees, and shrubs of various kinds, that serve as a breeding and feeding place for the caterpillars, and these should be cut down at once.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that "a bacteriologist asked a woman who did not usually have to go on very dirty streets if he might make an experiment on one of her skirts. It was a comparatively new one, and received a daily brushing. He found on part of the skirt binding at the hem the following small menagerie: Two hundred thousand germs, many bearing diphtheria, pneumonia and tonsillitis; also collections of typhoid and consumption microbes."

### ATHENS PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Following is the honor roll for Athens public school.

- FORM I: Inter. Pt. I.—Kerba Powell, Rae Kincaid, Bessie Johnston, Roy Foley, Sr. Pt. I.—Hugo Bingham, Kenneth Blancher, Austin Tribute, Vera Gairford, Evelena Gifford.
- Jr. Pt. II.—Merrick O'Lughlin, Lloyd Earl, Amelia Asseltine.
- Sr. Pt. II.—Laura Blancher, Frank Gifford, Mabel Jacob, Kenneth Wilts, Esther Kincaid.

FORM II: Sr. II.—Effie Blancher and George Price, Fred Pickett, Essie Owen and Lloyd Wilson, Glen Earl, Harold Wilts.

Jr. II.—Blake Cross, Francis Ross, Gertrude Cross, Alen Everitts and Levi Scott, Helen Pipe.

Sr. III.—Cyrus Rappell, Jessie Brown, Hazel Rappell, Blake McLaughlin, Wesley Stevens.

Jr. III.—Kitha Brown, Erny McLean, Jimmie McLean, Berta Weart, Willie McLean.

Sr. IV.—Jessie Tappin 434, Roberta Ross 403, Pearl Fair 401, Gordon Barber 323, Arthur Merrick 316, Wilfrid Green 304, Mammie Lee 303, Lena Fair 302, O. Brown 285, Arlissa Hagerman 258, Budd Covey 240, Cl Patterson 224, Kenneth McCallum 219.

Jr. IV.—Ethel Slack 408, Eric Jones 392, Lily C-dwell 371, Winnie Wilts 369, Mabel Stewart 366, Nellie Bullis 325.

WORTH \$50 A BOTTLE. It may be worth a little more or even more to you.

Page, Bureau Co., N. Y., March 11, 1898. Dear Sir:—I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure and it is a good medicine. I have cured a spavin on my last horse, and I would not have \$10 for him, which I offered for the same before. I will be pleased to have your book and receipt for this medicine sent to me free on the outside.

Truly yours, FRANK SMITH, Holliston, F. O., Ontario, Mar. 6, '98.

Dr. R. J. Kendall Co. Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find a two-cent stamp for your valuable Home Book. I had one but it is lost. I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure without one before in years, and consider it the best I had for man or beast in the world.

It is an absolutely reliable remedy for Spavins, Rheumatisms, Bone-sprains, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, and all other ailments of the horse, cow, or dog. It is sold in bottles of 50¢ and \$1.00. As a household remedy for family use it has no equal. Ask your Druggist for KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address DR. R. J. KENDALL CO., ENDSBURG FALLS, VT.

## LIKE A NEW MAN.



"I would say to all those suffering from that dread disease, rheumatism, 'Give Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure a trial and be convinced of its merits,'" is the recommendation of Mr. W. C. Switzer, Harrowsmith, Ont., a man 70 years old, who was a sufferer from sciatic rheumatism for ten years, and who never expected to find relief from this terrible disease this side of the grave. He had tried every known remedy recommended for the cure of rheumatism without obtaining relief, until he started taking Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure, of which he took six bottles, and found a perfect cure. He says he finds himself "like a new man," entirely free from pain, his appetite is good, and he sleeps well.

Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is put up in 50 cent bottles, containing ten days' treatment. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicine. The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

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TALMAGE'S IDEA OF THE STAGE

The Dramatic Instinct in Man Was Divinely Implanted and It Should Be Satisfied With Clean Drama and Clean Surroundings.

Washington report says: At a time when the whole country is in controversy as never before concerning the theater, and some plays are being arrested by the police, and others are being patronized by Christians of much interest. The text is I. Corinthians, vii, 21. "That ye use this world as not abusing it."

My reason for preaching this discourse is that I have been kindly invited by two of the leading newspapers of the country to respond and report on two of the popular plays of the day—to go some weeks ago to Chicago and see the drama, Quo Vadis, and to come to New York and see the drama Ben Hur, and write my opinion of it for you. I propose in a sermon to discuss what we shall do with the dramatic element which God has implanted in many of us in the majority of the human race.

Some people speak of the drama as though it were something built up outside of ourselves by the Congress and the Goldsmiths and the Shakespeares and the Sheridans of literature and that then we attempt to correspond with human inventions. Not at all. The drama is an echo from the feeling which God has implanted in our mortal souls. It is seen first in the domestic circle among the children three or four years of age, playing with their dolls and their cradles and their carts; seen ten years after in the playhouses of wood, ten years after in the parlor charades, after that in the impersonations in the academies of music.

Shall we suppress it? You can easily suppress the Creator. You may suppress it, you may educate it, you may purify it, you may harness it to multitudinous usefulness, and that is your right. Just as we cultivate the taste for the beautiful and the sublime by bird haunts and glen and roistering stream and banner of victory in the east, and then setting everything on fire as it retreats through the gates of the west, and the Austerlitz and the Waterloo of an August thunder storm blazing their batteries into a sultry afternoon, and the announcement of a world war on the cheek of the night—as in this way we cultivate in every lawful way we are to cultivate the dramatic element in our nature, by every staccato passage, by every catastrophe and synthesis, by every tragic passage in human life.

Now, I tell you not only that God has implanted this dramatic element in our nature, but I have to tell you in the Scriptures he cultivates it, he appeals to it, he develops it, your care will fall upon a drama. Here it is in the book of Judges, the fir tree, the vine, the olive tree, the fig tree, the pomegranate. Then at the close of the scene there is a coronation, and the bramble is proclaimed king. This is a political drama. Here it is in the book of Job: Job, Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, Elihu and Job. The opening act of the drama, all day long; closing act, the sun shining; magnificent drama is the book of Job.

Here it is in Solomon's Song; the oriental, the mountain, of myrrh, pomegranates, the garden of spices, a wooing, a bride, a bridegroom, dialogue, a dialogue—how gorgeous, all suggestive drama is the book of Solomon's Song. Here it is in the book of Luke: Costly mansion in the night. All the windows bright with illumination. The floor a-quake with the dance. Returned son in costly garments which do not very well fit him, but he must not be made to leave him, but he must swiftly leave off his garb and prepare for this extemporized feast. Pout his son at the back door, he mad to go in, because they are making such a fuss! Tears of sympathy running down the old man's cheeks, and suffering and tears of joy at his return! When you heard Murdock recite that story, you did not know whether to sob or shout. Revivals of religion have started just under the reading of that soul-evolutionizing drama, The Prodigal Son.

Here it is in the book of Revelation: Crystalline sea, pearls, gates, opening, amethyst, precious stones, showing coronets, one vital poured out incarnating the waters, cavalrymen of heaven, galloping on white horses, nations in halberds to the right of them, halberds to the left of them. As the Bible opens with the drama of the first paradise, so it closes with the drama of the second paradise.

Mind you, when I say drama I do not mean myth or fable, for as my little book of the oldest type, 1000 years old, the Bible. When I speak of the drama, I do not mean allegory, but I mean the truth so stated that it is a God-given, world-resounding, heaven-echoing drama. Now, if God implanted this dramatic element in our nature, and if he has cultivated and developed it in the Scriptures, I demand that you recognize it.

Because the drama has again and again been degraded and employed for destructive purposes is nothing against the drama, any more than music ought to be accused because it has been travestied again and again. Will you refuse to enthroned music on the church organ because the art has been trampled again and again under the feet of the lascivious dancer?

Fifty essays about the sorrows of the poor could not afford suffering I saw one slippery morning in the streets of Philadelphia. Just ahead of me was a lad, wretched in aspect, his limbs had been put at the knee: from the pallor of the boy's cheek, the amputation not long before. He had a package tucked under his arm—had he had begged, I suppose, at the doors. As he passed over the slippery pavement, cautiously and carefully, I stepped I helped him up as well as I could, gathered up the fragments of the package as well as I could, put them under one arm and the crutch under the other arm. But when I saw the blood run down his pale cheek I burst into tears. Fifty essays about the sufferings of the poor could not touch one like that little drama of accident and suffering.

theater. The church tries to compromise this matter, and in many churches there are dramatic exhibitions. Some times they call them magic lantern exhibitions—entertainments for which you pay 50 cents, the 50 cents to go for the support of some charitable institution. An extemporized stage is put up in the church or in the lecture room, and there you see the exhibition in the church and the exhibition in the theater is more skilful.

Now let us have a new institution, one which we have spoken of—an institution which we can without spherically and without scientific support and patronise—an institution so uncompromisingly good that we can attend it without any shock to our religious sensibilities, though Sabbath before we sat at the holy sacrament.

The amusements of life are beautiful and they are valuable, but they can not pay you for the loss of your soul. I could not tell you character, I could not tell you prospects for the church you attend, but if you will tell me where you were last night and where you were the night before last, and where you have been the nights of the last month, I think I could guess where you will spend eternally.

When we rise, angels sing. A spectacle before gallery above gallery, gallery above gallery. Gallery of our departed kindred, looking down to see if we are faithful and worthy of our Christian ancestry, hoping for our victory, wanting to throw us a garland, glorifying in our triumph, cheering us on, cheering us on, cheering us on, cherub, seraph, archangel—clapping their wings at our advantage, we gain. Gallery of the King from which there waves a scarred hand and from which there comes a sympathetic voice, "Thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Scene: The last day. Stage: The rocking earth. Enter: Dukes, lords, kings, beggars, clowns. No sword. No tin. No crown. For footlights: The kindling flames of a world of sin. For trumpets: The tramp that wake the dead. For applause: The clapping folds of the sea. For curtain: The heavens rolled together as a scroll. For the Doom of the Profligate. For the last scene of the fifth act: The tramp of nations across the world. Then the bell of the last thunder will ring, and the curtain will drop!

There are tens of thousands of Christian homes where the sons and daughters are held back from dramatic establishments of such an institution they would feel the arrest of their anxieties and would say on the establishment of this new institution which I have called the spectacular. "Thank God, this is what we have all been waiting for."

Now, as I believe that I make suggestions of an institution which wiser men will develop, I want to give some characteristics of this new institution, this spectacular. It is to be a great social and moral success. In the first place, its entertainments must be compressed within an hour and three-quarters of an hour. I have lectured and lectures and entertainments of all sorts is prolixity. At a reasonable hour every night every certain of public entertainment ought to drop every church orchestra ought to be unstrung. What comes more than this comes too late.

On the platform of this new institution, this spectacular, under the care of the best men and women in the community there shall be nothing witnessed that would be unfit for a parlor. Any fitting and any look, any word that would offend you seated at your own fireside in your family circle will be prohibited from that platform. Every word of common sense or of morality does that which is not fit to be seen or heard by five people become fit to be seen or heard by 1,500 people. On the platform of that spectacular all scenes of the drama will be as chaste as was ever a lecture by Edward Everett or a sermon by F. W. Robertson. On the platform shall come only such men and women as you would welcome to your homes.

On that platform there shall be no coarse, no imbecile, no cynic, no vulgar, no man, masculine or feminine. It is often said we have no rights, we have no private morals of public entertainments. Well, do as you please with other institutions; on the platform of this new institution, the best of the ordinary social sense of goodness. Just as soon as the platform of the spectacular is fully and faithfully established, many a genius who hitherto has suppressed the dramatic element in his nature because he could not find the realm in which to exercise it will step over on the platform, and giants of the drama, their names known the world over, who have been waiting for the elevation of the drama, will step over on that platform—such women as Charlotte Cushman of the past, such men as Joseph Jefferson of the present.

The platform of that new institution, of that extemporized drama, occupied only by these purest of men and women, will draw to itself millions of people who have never been to see the drama more than once or twice in their lives, or never saw it at all. The institution will combine the best music, the best architecture, the best genius, the best of the elevation of the drama, the best of the good morals.

Do you tell me this plan is chimerical? I answer, it only requires one man somewhere between here and San Francisco and between Bangor and Galveston to see it and appreciate it—one man of large individual means and great individual character, who could do more good than all the Lenoxes and the Lawrences and the Peabodys ever accomplished. He would settle for all time a question of amusement which for centuries has been under angry and vituperative discussion, and which is now never being settled to-day, by all appearance, than it was at the start.

I would go to such an institution, such a spectacular. I should go once a week, the rest of my life and take my family with me, and the majority of such a spectacular, I expect the time will come when I can, without bringing upon myself criticism, without being an inconsistent Christian, when I, a member of the good old Presbyterian church, will be able to go to some spectacular institution like this, the spectacular of Hamlet and King Lear and the Merchant of Venice and the Hunchback and Joshua Whitcomb. Meanwhile many of us will have this dramatic element unmet and unregaled.

We want this institution independent of the church and independent of the

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. 11, APRIL 8, 1900.

Precepts and Promises—Matt. 7: 1-14.

Supt.—What is the golden text? School—Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Matt. vii. 12.

What is the central truth? It is a narrow way which leadeth unto life.

What is the topic? Seeking and finding.

What is the outline? I. A warning. II. Instructions concerning repentance.

III. The fatherhood of God. IV. The brotherhood of man. V. The two ways.

When was the time? July, A. D. 28.

Where was the place? Mount Hattin.

Who were the persons? Jesus. His disciples. The multitude.

What are the special readings? Rom. ii. 1-3; Luke xiii. 23, 24.

Commentary.—I. A warning. "Dogs, harsh, uncharitable judgments; the thinking evil, where no evil seems, and speaking it accordingly.—Clark. Unkind, condemnatory, uncharitable judgments, which are directed by duty not prompted by love.—Lange. That ye be not judged—it is the prerogative of God to judge men. If ye be cradle, and ye are expected to be judged by others and our acts will also be judged by God.

2. It shall be measured to you again in the moral order of things, unjust blow in respect to others, has dealt it. With your measure shall it be measured to you. Our judgment of others frequently condemns ourselves.

"The mote," etc.—The "splinter" as opposed to the "beam." "On one side self-love binds us to ourselves; and on the other, envy and malice give us pleasure in respecting to others. When we shall have as much zeal to correct ourselves as we have inclination to reprove and correct others, we shall know our way: those of our neighbor, now we know those of our neighbor."

4. In thine own eye—That man is wholly unfit to point others to the children and parents, who are in the way that leads to death. "Those who blame others ought to be blameless and harmless themselves."

5. Thou hypocrite—Our Lord tears off the mask and gives people their right name. A hypocrite is one who professes to be what he is not; he claims to be a Christian, while his heart is vile. But in this case a person is called a hypocrite because he does not apply to himself the measure by which he judges his brother.

6. Do not give the sacrificial meat that has been consecrated to God to the dogs. Give not the holy ordinances, the sacred things of God, to the true followers of Christ, to unholiness and sinners who try to destroy the characters of others by evil-speaking, backbiting and slanders. He is unclean and filthy, who is slow, unclean and filthy; swine to stubborn resistance, sensual gratifications and impurities. Your pearls—Precious things, which are necessary for life, and which despise them, and turn them to an unholy account.

7. Ask—seek—knock—This verse contains very important directions. We are to ask, to seek, to knock, and then we are to "seek"—continue to ask and knock at the door until we get in.

8. Every one that asketh receiveth, etc.—Christ binds himself to hear and answer. No soul can pray in vain that prays with Christ's words and Christ's sacrifice with us, not one of heaven's blessings can be denied us.

9. What man is there of you—No one is so wicked as to give his child a stone if he asks for bread, or a serpent if he asks for a snake. The Lord does not answer our requests unless they will be for our good.

10. Every one that believeth, etc.—If you are ready and anxious to give good gifts to their children. From natural affection they are ready to provide for them everything necessary for their support and comfort. How much more will one whose nature is love and good give good things to them than their fathers and mothers do.

11. That man should do to you, etc.—This is the golden rule. The principle here stated is the second great commandment. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Place thyself in the condition of thy neighbor and act accordingly. The law and the prophets—This is the sum of all that is contained in the Old Testament, pertaining to man's conduct towards each other. It is brief, yet comprehensive, and cannot be improved upon.

12. Enter ye in at the narrow gate, etc.—By this straight gate, referring to the precept just laid down. But, in general, this is the narrow gate of humility, repentance and trust. It is the gate—the gate of unbelief, carnal affections, of fleshly lusts has many altitudes, and is open to all. To destruction.—The end is eternal death. "He that purpeth evil purpeth it to his own destruction."—Prov. xi. 19. The way of sin leads to ruin. Many go in thereat.

13. Leadeth unto life—Spiritual life consists in being united to Christ through His sacrificial death. Eph. ii. 5. The sign of which we are guilty (John v. 40) is rejecting Christ, our life. Few there be—Few cars to refound Christ the source of life. Nothing must be sought, yet it is possible to find it. All mankind may be saved if they will meet the conditions.

Thoughtful and diligent operation to correct the faults of others, and should be performed with great care and skill. We know nothing in nature that is so ready to love than the parent's love to their children; our heavenly Father's love to us is much more than this, but it is impossible to tell how much more. Nothing but sin renders the way to heaven narrower or difficult to any person. "Let all the world forsake their

Market Reports

OF THE WEEK.

LEADING WHEAT MARKETS. Following are the closing prices at important wheat centres to-day:

Table with columns for Location, Cash, and May. Locations include Chicago, New York, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Toledo, Detroit, Duluth, Minneapolis, and Minneapolis, No. 1.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET

Wheat—One hundred bushels of good sold 11-2c weaker, at 70c.

Outs—One hundred bushels sold 1-2c higher, at 32-2c.

Barley—One hundred bushels sold 1c weaker, at 44c.

Hay and Straw—Fifteen loads of hay sold at \$12 to \$13, and two loads of straw at \$8 to \$9. Demand for straw was weak.

Dressed Hogs—Firm, at \$6.75 to \$7 per cwt. Live hogs will probably be firm, near \$7.

Butter—Fair receipts met a moderate demand at 24 to 25c for dairy, pound rolls.

Eggs—Fair demand for strictly new, laid at 16 to 17c.

Poultry—Fair receipts met a like demand. Prices were unchanged. A few choice fat chickens were quoted at \$1 a pair.

Wheat—Two hundred bushels of good sold unchanged at 70c, and one load of spring at 70c.

Oats—Two loads sold firm at 32 1-2 to 33.

Barley—One load sold unchanged at 44c.

Hay and Straw—Twenty loads of hay sold at \$12 to \$13, and one load of straw at \$8 to \$9.

Dressed Hogs—Firm, at \$6.75 to \$7 per hundredweight.

Butter—Large receipts and fair demand at 24c to 25c for dairy pound rolls.

Eggs—Liberal supply met a good demand at 16c for strictly new laid.

Poultry—Very plenty to-day and demand good. Chickens sold at 60c to 80c; geese, 80c to 90c and turkeys at 13c to 14c.

TORONTO LIVE STOCK.

Export cattle, choice, \$1.70 to \$1.90; export cows, light, \$1.25 to \$1.40; export bulls, choice, \$1.00 to \$1.10; expert bulls, light, \$3.25 to \$3.60; loads of good butchers' and exporters, mixed, \$1 to \$1.12 1/2; butchers' cull, \$1.10 to \$1.25; butchers' cattle, good, \$3.70 to \$3.90; butchers' cattle, medium mixed, \$3.45 to \$3.65; butchers' common, \$2.90 to \$3.15; butchers' inferior, \$2.60 to \$2.80; feeders, heavy, \$3.80 to \$4.12 1/2; feeders, light, \$3.50 to \$3.75; stockers, \$2.25 to \$3.40; mixed cows, \$2.25 to \$3.40; sheep, ewes, per cwt., \$3.25 to \$3.75; sheep, bucks, per cwt., \$2.50 to \$3.00; lambs, picked ewes and wethers, \$5.50 to \$5.75; lambs, per cwt., \$4.50 to \$4.75; sheep, butchers', \$3 to \$4; hogs, choice, over 160 and up to 200 pounds, \$5.62 1/2; hogs, thick fat, \$5; hogs, light, under 160 pounds, \$4; hogs, corn fed, \$3.12 1/2; hogs, sows, \$3.25; hogs, stags, \$2.

SEEDS.

In Chicago to-day timothy closed 5c lower at \$2.40 nominal for March and clover at \$2.10 asked for March at 100. In Toledo old prime clover closed steady at \$4.95 and March at \$5.55 asked.

NOTES.

Some complaint has been received from country contractors of the past week of the backwardness of business. The reason was the recent snow blockade, which made the country roads at many points almost impassable.

There never was a time in the history of the Dominion when the factories and mills were so busy on orders calling for prompt delivery as they are now. The mills have advanced their prices repeatedly, but that has no effect on the demand.

The statement of the wharfed banks for February was received this week. The note circulation shows an expansion of \$379,000 over January, and at the close of last month was \$1,74,000 greater than for the same date a year ago.

R. G. Dun makes the business failure in Canada the past week 27, against 26 the previous week and 25 the corresponding week of 1899. In the provinces the past week the failures were: Ontario and Quebec, each 11; Manitoba and British Columbia, each 2; and New Brunswick, one.

Bradstreet's on Trade. Trade at Montreal has been moderately active this week. The shipments of goods for the spring and summer trade continue on a large scale. Collections are fairly good.

At Hamilton business kept up to the expectations of traders. Considerable shipments of goods continue to go out, and the market is generally considered very promising. Retailers from the country who have been in the market lately report the prospects for the early spring and early summer trade very bright. Values in all departments of trade are very firm.

Business at the coast cities has been rather quiet lately. Trade at London continues fair for this season of the year. The snow blockade interfered with business to some extent. The business situation at Winnipeg has not changed much. Money is in good command, and rates are firm. The wholesale houses at Toronto have been busy this week making large shipments of goods to the trade of the country fair for this season of the year. The balance of the season's trade was never brighter.

No Use for a Throne. Napoleon Bonaparte is quoted in the April Century as saying to Dr. O'Meara at St. Helena: "If I was in England now, and the French nation was to offer me the throne again, I would not accept of it, because if I was to do so I would be obliged to turn bourgeois (executioner). I would be obliged to cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it, which would not be pleasing to me. Oceans of blood must be shed to keep me there. No, no; I have made enough of noise in the world, perhaps more than any other man will make; perhaps too much. I am getting old, and only want retirement. What could I do in France? Alone, to see myself against all the powers of Europe. Madness!"

BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Ancient Customs that Still Remain in High Favor.

Notwithstanding the intellectual progress of the nineteenth century, many of the customs of old times are still in high favor, and more than a few of these gather about love and marriage. Our maidens affect not to be superstitious, but many of the beliefs of past centuries are venerated quite as much to-day, if it were but known. In a few weeks the Easter bride will be one of the foremost objects of interest, and in order to secure long life and happiness, popular belief holds that she must bear in mind a number of things. For instance, if she wishes to secure good fortune, she must wear a certain wedding day without fail: "Something good, and something new, something borrowed and something blue."

To allow another woman to take the engagement or wedding ring from her is equivalent to relinquishing the man of her heart. To drop the wedding ring during the ceremony is supposed to bring misfortune to the wife and her future life.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF WHITE. In our own dear land, white, signifying purity or chastity, is the favorite color for bridal attire; while yellow and green are the most unlucky colors for brides, signifying jealousy, infidelity and general unhappiness. This aversion is reversed in the case of the Italian peasantry, as their favorite wedding colors are red, cyan purple, green or yellow. Pink seems to be shunned by maidens of all nations, and red is only looked upon with favor in China.

THE BRIDE'S GARTERS. The auspicious bit of blue with its frequently taken the shape of a silken garter, which, after the ceremony, is either cut up into tiny pieces or hidden. When it is hidden the bridesmaids hunt for it, and the holder of a happy marriage before the year is out. When cut, it is divided among the bridemaids to give each one good luck and good husbands.

An English bride gives her garters to her maid of honor, while a German one provides a pair of "stocking bands" either white or blue silk, for each of her bridesmaids.

It is to be hoped that each fair reader who is still unappropriated will have the gift of a yellow silk garter upon the coming Easter morning, for this is said to be a certain and sure talisman that she will change from spinster to matron before the next Easter.

THE RING FINGER. The wedding ring has been worn on the same finger for centuries, because of the old idea that a nerve went from the fourth finger to the heart, beginning, not ending, signifies eternal fidelity, while the gold denotes purity.

Many brides wear a guard ring, taking care never to remove the wedding ring after the bridegroom puts it on. Tradition has it that to lose the wedding ring means divorce, or death; while to pledge it, dire misfortune.

AN ANTE-EASTER IDYL. The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la!

Are in the milliner's case, For I'm buying a hat with a wing, tra-la!

A giddy, attractive new thing, tra-la! Which my wife says will suit her fair face.

And that's what I mean when I say "Oh, how the flowers that bloom in the spring!" Tra-la-la-la! tra-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la-la!

The engagement is announced of Mr. Gordon Oiler, son of Mr. E. B. Oiler, of Cranston, to Miss Maggie E. Oiler, daughter of Mr. W. R. Ramsay, of Montreal.

The Methodist twentieth century has now reached \$648,852.90. We can master others easier than we can ourselves.

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Your Name Please



Your Name Please

WE want your name on the list of our customers and we will do all we can in the way of price, quality, courtesy, and patience, to obtain it.

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REDUCED RATES FOR Easter Holidays

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APRIL 6TH TO 14TH INCLUSIVE

Special rates to and from Quebec and points on and via C.P.R. short line to Maritime Provinces.

For further particulars apply to Canadian Pacific Railway Agents.

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Between all stations in Canada—All stations in Canada to and from Detroit, Mich., Port Huron, Mich., Island Pond, Vt., Fort Covington, N. Y., Bombay, N. Y., Helena, N. Y., Massena Springs, N. Y., Remond Point, N. Y., all stations in Canada, but not from Buffalo, N. Y., Black Rock, N. Y., Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

SCHOOL VACATIONS Students and teachers of Schools and Colleges, on surrender of Standard Form of School Vacation Railway certificate signed by Principal, will be ticketed at First-Class Single Fare and One-Third from April 6th to 14th inclusive, tickets valid for return leaving destination on or before April 24th, 1900.

For tickets and above low rates and all particulars apply to

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Table Sauces

This season of the year, when domestic supplies are running low, the good housewife naturally turns to a consideration of

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We have a full range in the following standard lines: Apples, Peaches, Pineapples, Blueberries, Pears &c., &c.,

Dried Fruits—Evaporated Apples, Dried Apples, Prunes.

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Our stock of general groceries, especially our Teas and Coffees, are worthy of your attention.

Choice Salmon for Lenten season. Prompt delivery of all orders.

G. A. McCLARY

Local Notes

Mr. T. Back of Ottawa was a visitor in Athens on Sunday.

Nearly all the early spring birds have returned to this section.

If you are making good maple syrup it will pay you to label your cans.

Mrs. E. McLean, Church street, returned home last week after an absence of two months.

Mr. John R. Tye, recently organizer for the L. O. A., is now assisting Mr. W. T. Earl in his grocery.

Mrs. James Kilborn has returned to Athens from Seely's Bay where she has spent the winter with friends.

Sidney Pointer the great racing colt owned by Moffat of Kempsville was sold last week to Mr. McLean of Ottawa, for the sum of \$6,750.

The C. O. C. F. has a membership of 18,233, an increase of 3,000 for the past year. Its surplus is \$208,047.31, an increase for the year of \$44,000.

Mr. T. S. Kendrick has spent the last few days in Montreal, purchasing a stock of goods, which he will open out in a few days in the Taplin store.

Rev. W. K. Shortt, M. A., of Addison, preached two fine sermons in the Methodist church on Sunday last, in connection with the educational fund of the church.

The roads are rapidly approaching that condition when there is neither sleighing or wheeling. Lots of snow in places and bare ground in others is getting to be the rule on all the roads.

The Reporter supplies a very attractive maple syrup label, giving name and address of the maker, at \$1 per hundred. These labels have been profitably used for several years by many leading syrup makers.

The long deferred tank for fire-protection is now about to be put in near the intersection of Elgin and Wiltsie streets. The cedar has already been purchased and a start will be made as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

There was a good attendance at the sugar social held by the Epworth League on Tuesday evening. The members of the League, as usual, proved themselves good entertainers and all present thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

On Saturday last Gananoque high school was badly damaged by fire, and narrowly escaped total destruction. There was no one in the building at the time, and the fire is supposed to be due to an explosion of chemicals. The damage to building and equipment will probably be about \$2,000, not including the books and personal property of the students.

Mr. J. H. McLaughlin returned last week from a trip to Sault Ste. Marie and intermediate C.P.R. towns. He was successful in introducing the McLaughlin Asphalt Roof Paint and Perfection Cement Roofing, and has opened a trade with a large number of prominent builders and contractors that promises well.

Orders for syrup labels placed at the Reporter office will be filled the same day as received. An increasingly large number of first class makers are distinguishing their product by labeling each can, which is a guarantee that it pays to enable purchasers to tell who makes the syrup that suits their taste. In the absence of a label, buyers are liable to get a grade of syrup that will effectually destroy their appetite for this most wholesome sweet. Good goods, properly labeled, increases the number of consumers and brings trade directly to the producer, thus increasing the profits.

Dress-making apprentices wanted—Miss BEERS.

Butter sold at 22c in Brockville on Saturday.

Mr. Geo. Robinson and family have returned to Merrickville for the summer.

Miss Loverin is visiting friends in Brockville, the guest of Mrs. Powell, Sherwood st.

Miss Mary Reynolds of Westport was in Athens last week, the guest of Mrs. M. A. Everts.

Mr. W. G. Lee of Glossville has sold his big horses and is now training a fine span of colts.

Cash paid for cow hides, deacon skins and sheep pelts at Wilson and Son's meat market, Main street. 2m

Miss Addie Hanna will hold her spring millinery opening at her residence, Elgin street, Athens, on Saturday next, 7th inst.

The first syrup of the season sold in Athens last week at 25c per quart. We have been favored with a few days of extra fine sugar weather and a large harvest of the saccharine juice is being gathered.

The store of Mr. H. H. Arnold is especially attractive these days, spring goods being everywhere displayed, and their novelty, beauty and utility, combined with low prices, make investigation or buying a pleasure.

The ice in Charleston lake is reported to be unusually thick for the beginning of April. Last spring the ice remained until the 24th inst., when it broke up and disappeared in one night, without any "shoving".

The Ontario Educational Association will meet in Toronto, April 17th, 18th and 19th. It embraces representatives from all departments of educational work, including college professors and high and public school trustees.

The windows in the several stores about the town are taking on a pleasing appearance. The arrival of spring goods has commenced and some very pretty things are to be seen. A trip to the stores at this time does one good.

The Easter rates over the G. T. R. and C. P. R. are at single first-class fare, good to go from April 12 to 16, both days inclusive, and return April 17th. Teachers and students are allowed from April 6th to 14th, returning 24th, at single fare and a third.

Mr. Wesley Moore of Addison met with a painful accident on Tuesday of last week. He was engaged in sawing wood with a circular saw when his left hand came in contact with the saw which severed the index finger and penetrated to the centre of the palm. He was greatly exhausted by the excessive hemorrhage, but is now doing well under the care of Dr. V. H. Moore of Brockville.

The Rev. Thomas Leeb, B. A., Trinity College, Toronto, has been appointed by the Archbishop to succeed the Rev. C. J. Young, B. A., in the missionary parish of Lansdowne. Mr. Leeb was ordained in 1893 and has labored with extraordinary success in the wildest part of the diocese in the townships of Dunganston and Montague, North Hastings. His zeal and devotion have merited the recognition of the church authorities, and the congregations of Lansdowne are to be congratulated at the selection made by the Archbishop.

On Monday morning last Mr. Samuel Barnes was crossing the floor of the Spicer mill when one of his legs was caught by the log carriage and broken below the knee. He received prompt attention and is now reported to be doing well. Mr. Barnes has been the victim of a series of accidents. About four years ago he was seriously injured by a heavy piece of machinery falling upon him and it was at first thought that he would not recover. Last fall, he had one of his arms broken and had not long been able to use the injured member when this latest accident again lays him aside.

No Fire Protection. The damage done by fire last week to Gananoque high school would have been much more serious had it not been for the efficient work of the fire brigade. This reminds us that Athens high school is entirely without any protection from fire, and the same is true respecting the Methodist and Baptist churches and the many fine residences on Church street. One tank would protect these three buildings and a considerable area beyond; two tanks could be so placed as to protect all the buildings on the street as well as some property on Mill, Reid, Isaac, Victoria, Elgin and Joseph streets. The area that could be reached by the brigade's 500 feet of hose and efficiently protected from tanks located on the Church street elevation is so large that though the sinking of the tanks would cost considerable the relative amount to be paid by the parties benefitted would be very small. We again urge the residents of that part of the village to give this matter attention, and suggest that a meeting be called to consider ways and means of securing some benefit from the village's expenditure on fire-fighting appliances.

Call at Miss Falkner's for your new Easter bonnet.

Mr. Chas. Howe, who has spent the winter with his family in Athens, left this week on his return journey to Castleton, N. D.

"Prevention is the best medicine." You can prevent sickness and cure that tired feeling and all blood humors by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The meeting announced for Saturday evening last, to consider a proposition for improving the Methodist church buildings, was postponed until this (Wednesday) evening.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society will be held at the home of Mrs. John Patterson, Reid street, on Thursday afternoon, April 5th, at three o'clock.

Miss Della Garner, after visiting many friends in the Glossville neighborhood, returned to Gouverneur on the 22nd ult., taking with her pleasant memories and the good wishes of all.

The American-gear honey-extractors (improved) and four forms and sizes of improved bee-feeders are made by Messrs. W. F. Earl and W. S. Hough. Mr. Earl takes great pains with whatever pertains to bees.

Mr. M. Heffernan, on April 2nd, while in his sugar-bush on the Washburn farm, Soperton, noticed a number of the dreaded caterpillars about an inch long. He cut a place in the 'ice' for one, in the sun, and at the end of three hours it got on a chip thrown to it and recovered. They seem to be able to endure a temperature below freezing.

The Citizens' Band is improving rapidly under the tuition of Mr. S. Manhard and are already in such form that their very popular open-air concerts will be resumed as soon as the weather permits.

Rev. R. Harvey of Frankville is making satisfactory progress towards complete recovery from his recent serious illness and announces that he will resume his pulpit work on Sabbath next by conducting service at the Redan.

A Great Sale.

Mr. W. T. Earl has decided to close his business in Athens on 1st of June and in the meantime will offer his stock at such reductions as deserve the careful attention of all purchasers living within trading distance of Athens. General groceries will be sold at unprecedentedly low prices and his fine range of crockery and fancy goods will be disposed of at first cost. Call and investigate the genuine character of this clearing sale. All accounts must be paid before the 15th of May. 2i

"STRANDED" NERVES.

Healthy Nerves are the Corner Stone of Good Health—Take South American Nerve—It Does Everything It Promises.

La grippe has left many "stranded" constitutions, nervous, weak, hopeless, despondent cases. South American Nerve is seeking them out—has gone to the fountain head of the trouble and is lifting many a prostrated one out of the darkness of disease into the noonday light of perfect health. A well-known Toronto lady wrote last week: "I was at death's door and South American Nerve saved me." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

The People's Column.

Adv'ts of 6 lines and under in this column, 25c for first insertion and 10c each subsequent insertion.

Ayrshire Bull for Sale.

The undersigned has for sale a grade Ayrshire bull, 2 years old, also, Holstein calves. JOSEPH GREENHAM, Elbe Mills P.O.

STRAY HOUND.

A medium sized bound, colored black and white with tan-colored head and ears and small white spot in centre of forehead, a mottled white and black strip across back and down side; has been at my place for a couple of weeks. Owner is requested to pay charges and take him away. EDWARD CURRY, Barber, Athens, April 3rd.

MILLINERY OPENING

Miss Falkner will hold her Spring Millinery opening on Saturday, April 7th, 1900

Latest styles of Hats and Bonnets from New York, Paris, and London. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

License District—Brockville and Leeds.

PURSUANT to sub-sections 5 and 6 of section 11, chapter 124, R. S. O., and amendments thereto, I hereby give notice that the Board of License Commissioners will meet on Wednesday, the eighteenth day of April, 1900, at the hour of ten o'clock a.m., at the Registry Office, in the town of Brockville, for the consideration of licenses for the ensuing year.

I also give notice that Thos. V. Mallory has been appointed village assessor for the township of Escott.

Total number of licenses issued during the current year were 43, and the total number of applications for licenses for the ensuing year 44.

R. R. PHILLIPS, Inspector. Dated at Caltown this 2nd day of April, 1900.

REDUCTION IN PRICE

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER.

The price of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been reduced by the manufacturers from sixty cents to fifty cents a bottle. This remedy, which has been recommended as no other one in existence, by members of Parliament, ministers and educational men, can now be had of any druggist at 50 cents a bottle. It relieves in ten minutes, headache and all pain caused by colds or catarrh. It is delightful to use. It cures completely. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son. 19 22

Preserves

Paraffine Wax. In every household, it is clean, harmless and odorless—water and acid proof. Get a pound cake of it with a list of its many uses from your druggist. Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited.

LOST.

On Sunday, the 11th of March, between Athens and Ennys' factory, a black valise containing ladies' apparel, also a pocket book containing \$10.00. Finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving at G. F. GAINFORD'S, Athens, or JOHN RABBE, Lombardy.

THE Parisian Hair Works

are ready to do any kind of work in the hair line.

Switches Bangs, Curles, Wigs, and Gents Toupees a specialty. All orders by mail attended to promptly. Call when you go to Brockville and have your hair treated by A. B. DesROCHE.

"OLD RELIABLE"

Fall and Winter Goods now in stock

A. M. CHASSELS, MERCHANT TAILOR

has received his Fall and Winter stock of Fancy Worsted, Heavy Tweeds for Pants and Suits, also a fine line of Vesting materials including Fancy Corduroy, all of which will be made up in the latest style at moderate prices.

Ready-to-wear Goods

Now in stock a fine line of stylish Fall Overcoats, Pants, Bicycle Suits, etc. Be sure to see these goods and learn the prices.

Gents' Furnishings.

A full range of shirts, black and colored materials, finest qualities of laundried goods: Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Braces, Handkerchiefs, Caps, Woollen Underwear, etc. You get just what you want in these lines here and at reasonable prices.

PRICES DEFF COMPETITION

The undersigned returns thanks to the general public for their patronage during the last 16 years and will endeavor to so conduct his business as to receive their continued trade and maintain the reputation of his store as "The Old Reliable" Clothing House.

Cloth bought at this store will be extra of charge.

A. M. CHASSELS, Fall '99 Main Street, Athens.

Nerve Energy and Eyeglasses.



A constant dropping wears away a stone. A slight eyestrain injures the health because it is constant. The strain which first manifests itself as a slight discomfort should be remedied at once. This we guarantee to do with glasses. Consultation free. Delays are dangerous.

Wm. Coates & Son,

SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS, BROCKVILLE.

C. E. Pickrell & Sons

ATHENS, ONT.

General - Blacksmiths

Horseshoeing

Repairing

and all kinds of general work

We return thanks for the liberal patronage we have received, and assure our customers that in the future, as in the past, their orders will receive personal attention and be executed promptly.

Your patronage solicited.

C. E. Pickrell & Sons, ELGIN STREET, ATHENS.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION